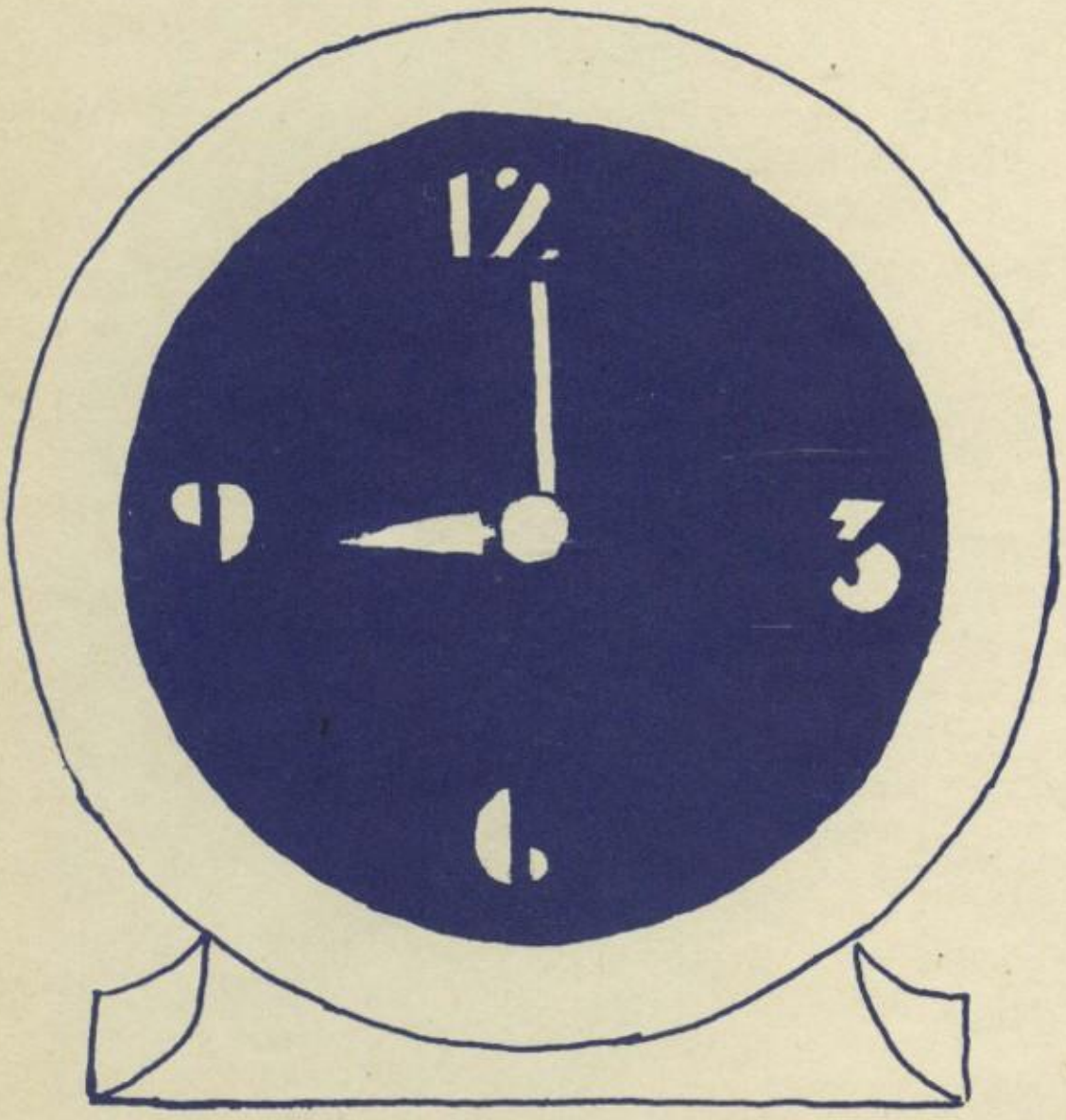
1946

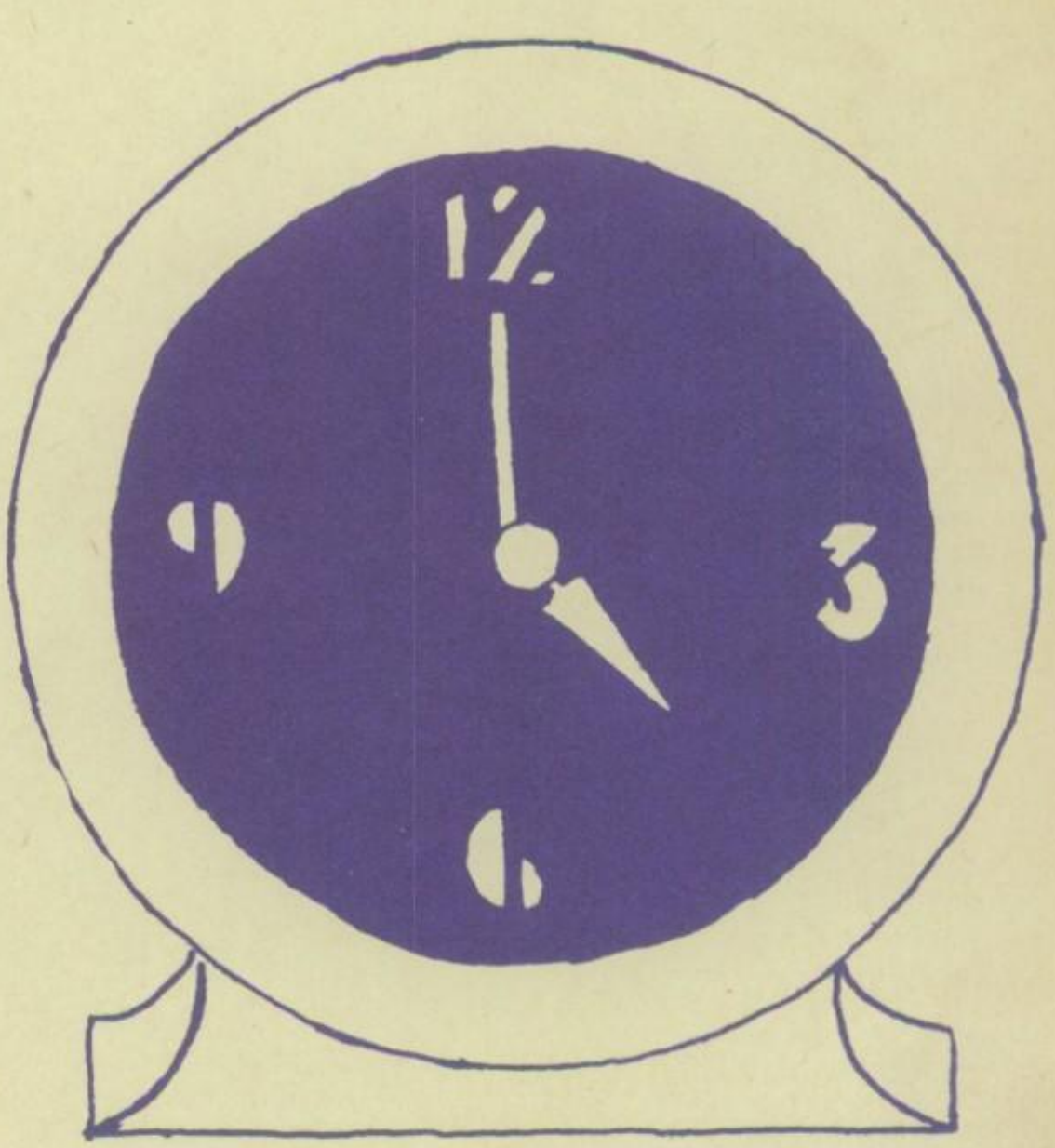
WEATHER VANE

Maumee Valley Country Day School

Weather Vane Time



Weather Vane Time

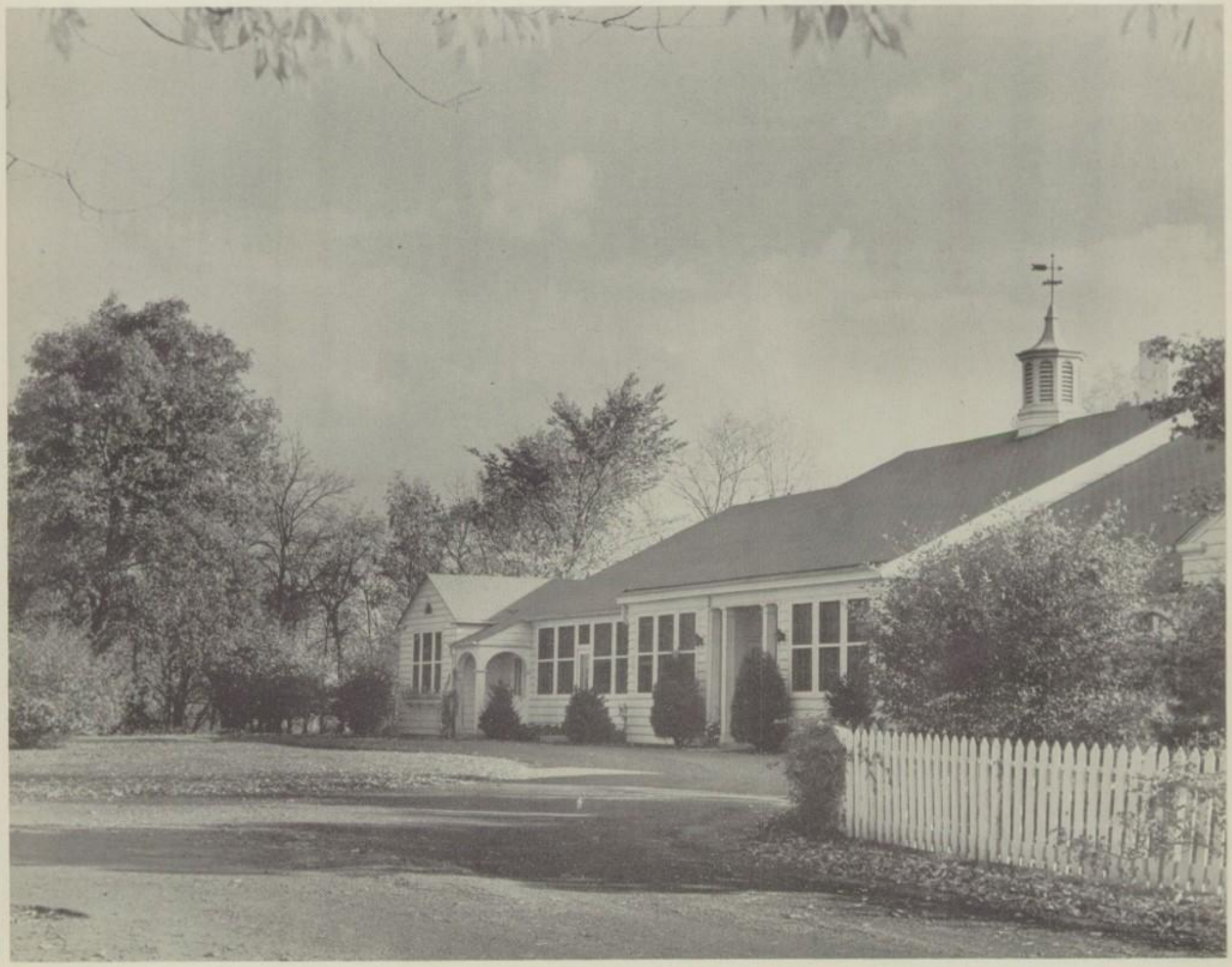


The Weather Vane 1946

Maumee Valley Country Day School

In Memoriam

Miss Lillian Pearl Smith,
who died February 28, 1946
after thirty years
of patient and faithful service to
The Smead School
and
The Maumee Valley Country Day School



French Relief . . . ?

Ou est mon petit Carl?

Dedication

Ou sont vos . . .boots?

Bonjour!

You have taught us our French with patience and your picturesque stories of France have delighted our classes. Each year, as Senior Advisor, you have guided the seniors through the last phase of their high school education and without your vigorous "left", "right", graduation would be incomplete. Your charm and spontaneous wit have been a source of constant pleasure. It is in appreciation of your unforgettable contributions to Maumee Valley that we dedicate to you,

Madame Renee Bel Geary

The 1946 Weather Vane.

Board Of Trustees

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Mrs. William E. Watson (President of Mothers' Club)

Administration

February 7, 1946,

was a memorable day for Maumee Valley, and we recall it with mixed emotions. There was a tinge of frost in the air, but within, we were warm with excitement. We were bidding a reluctant farewell to Mr. Ward who had so ably assumed the position of Acting Headmaster during the absence of Mr. Stork. On the same day we welcomed Mr. Stork back from three years service in the United States Navy.

To you, Mr. Ward, we offer our sincere thanks for your friendship and guidance.

We say to you, Mr. Stork, "It's wonderful to have you back!"

Dear Students,

The past year has been a happy one marked by much of the fullness of activity which of necessity was curtailed during the war years.

On the other hand the school was saddened when Miss Smith and Miss Caroline Smead died within a few days of each other. Coincidentally, each had devoted almost thirty years to our lower school. "Miss Carrie," the youngest of the Smead Sisters, joined the Smead school when it moved from Baravia, New York, in 1884. Miss Smith had the unique distinction of having taught under each of the school's four administrations: the Misses Smead, the Misses Anderson, Miss Leland, and the present.

My purpose in recording these facts here is to recall that both of these teachers were of a cultural tradition, which we must try to emulate and perpetuate, that we and future classes may leave Maumee Valley as informed, purposeful, and happy as were these two.

As a personal aside, I wish to thank all of you for the friendly welcome given me upon my release from the Navy. Except for the many new faces and the increased height under the old ones, the school appeared as natural as though it had been yesterday instead of June 1943 when I left. Need I add that I am happy to be back.

Sincerely yours,

Willis Stork

Headmaster

Acting Headmaster

Inasmuch as I was "graduated" from the school at mid-year, please let me use this space for saying that my five semesters at Maumee Valley were the most exciting and the happiest of a varied and happy career. The loyalty of teachers and students will be long remembered. The many friendships formed here will endure. When, in the future, I shall hear of new achievements of school, or teachers, or students, my heart will swell with pride. Frater, ave, atque vale.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Burns, Mr. Coryell, Mr. Ward, Miss Dickey, Mr. Johnson.

Mr. R. Malcolm Ward—Ph.B. Kenyon; B.D. Episcopal Theological School, Harvard.

Mr. L. William Johnson—Principal of High School Mathematics and Psychology. B.A., M.A., State University of Iowa.

Miss Lillian Smith—Assistant Director of Lower School. First and Second Grades. Buffalo University; Syracuse University.

Mr. Hubert Coryell, Jr.—Director of Lower School Fifth and Sixth Grade English and History. Harvard; B.Ed., Boston University.

Mrs. Marion Burns—Director of Preschool. Miami University, Toledo Conservatory of Music; University of Toledo; Froebal Kindergarten Training School.

Miss Caroline Dickey—Secretary. B.A., Smith College, Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Miss Parsons, Miss Wolcott, Mrs. Waldron, Mme. Geary.

Miss Marian Parsons—High School English. B.A. Wellesley College, M.A., University of Chicago

Madame Renee Geary—French. The Sorbonne, Paris.

Mrs. Anna Waldron—Librarian. B.A., University of Indiana; B.S., Columbia University of Library Science.

Miss Doris Wolcott—Seventh and Eighth English, Latin. B.A. University of Toledo, Northwestern University.

Miss Marilyn Shields—Seventh and Eighth Science, Girls' Sports. B. E. University of Toledo., University of Wisconsin.

Mr. Edgar Charles—Seventh and Eleventh Mathematics, Chemistry. B.S., Franklin and Marshall, University of Minnesota.

Mr. Lester Pursell—Boys' Sports. Purdue University; B.P.E., Springfield College. (Not in Picture)

LEFT TO RIGHT: Miss Shields, Mr. Charles.

Mrs. Charlotte Bayer—Third and Fourth Grade English, Eleventh History; B.A. University of Wisconsin; The Sorbonne, Paris; University of Grenoble.

Miss Joan Bowers—Fifth Grade Arithmetic, Lower School Science and Sports. B.E., University of Toledo.

Miss Janet Davis—Music. B.M., University of Michigan.

Mrs. Mary H. Wickes—Assistant Secretary. Briarcliff Junior College. (Not in Picture)

LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Bayer, Miss Bowers, Miss Davis.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Lambert, Mr. Wickes, Miss Hotchkiss, Miss Hay, Mrs. Brown.

Miss Cecil Hay—Assistant First and Second Grades. B.S., Mary Washington College, Richmond Professional Institute of the College of William and Mary.

Mrs. June Brown—Third Grade. B.E., University of Toledo.

Miss Verena Hotchkiss—Assistant Kindergarten. B.S., University of Michigan. University of Toledo, Merrill-Palmer School.

Mrs. Miriam Lambert—Assistant Kindergarten. University of Connecticut.

Mr. Edward Wickes—Woodshop, Boys' Sports. University of Virginia, B.S., Michigan State.

Seniors

Nancy Boeschenstein

"BOESCH" HAS TIME FOR

Station Wagon

Flying A While

Blue Team Captain

Wearing A Smile

Mary Blair Buggie

MARY BLAIR HAS TIME FOR

Knitting Sweaters

Men Galore

Quiet Sneezes

Great Lakes Shore

Patricia Elsie Christy

TETA HAS TIME FOR

Splints Or Her Crutches

False Finger Nails

Beautiful Horses

Numberous Mails (Males?)

Harriet Davis

HARRIET HAS TIME FOR

Canadian Excursions

Clothes So Chic

Motor Cycle

Smiles Through the Week

Nan Parfet

NAN HAS TIME FOR

Food In Abundance

Wanting To Fly

Cornel Wilde

Sailing By

Margie Patterson

MARGIE HAS TIME FOR

Riding Flicka

Directing White Team

Western Reserve

Her Collie—A Dream

Jo Peck

JO HAS TIME FOR

Jokes—Always Ready

Food—Just A Habit

Mythical Auto

Harvey, Her Rabbit

Marian Kieting

MARIAN HAS TIME FOR

Planning Student Rules

Hockey Goals To Make

Ann Arbor Days

Fun At Higgens Lake

Nancy Woodbury

NANCY HAS TIME FOR

Driving To School

A Knitting Flair

Late Study Hours

"Blond" Curly Hair

What's My Name?

Water "Lou".
Sleepy.
Glamour "Pus".
Spider.
Mort.
Maria.
Sweet-SUE.
Mr. Meek.
Sophisicated-Sophie.

It's A Dog's Life.

Poodle.
Cocker Spaniel.
Blood Hound.
Collie.
Spitz.
Bull Terrier.
Scotch Terrier.
Chow.
Wire-haired Terrier.

Guess Who?

Military interest, bracelet collection,
Self-discipline, Chicago, convalescence,
Diets, her nephew . . . . and niece,
Blue ribbons, house parties,
College boards, curly hair,
Fremont trips, French conversation.

Good-looking suits, subtle humor,
H.R., pencil case, hair-twisting,
Long telephone conversations,
Male-mail, Kansas, airport,
Pixie-like charm, "What?",
Skiing, J. P. at Potawatomi,
Smith or Vassar?

Poker-face, Ann Arbor,
Bangs, Nipper, flat-tires,
Themes, forgetfulness,
Homemade car, Brooklyn,
Argyle socks, "It Stinks",
Fremont, hockey, "Nut Cracker Suite"
In dance rhythm.

Bridge, eating, short haircut,
Those stylish blouses, basketball,
Curly eyebrows, Columbus,
"Wild about Wilde", sailing, Chopin,
Quarter reports, Western Reserve,
Airport, French, "As Time Goes By".

Prettiness, suits, "The Car",
Homework, Penn Hall, my name's Jones,
Overnight guests, singing grace, bridge,
Wizard, church, Grand Rapids,
Peroxide, those gray eyes,
When is that 'camp affair' coming home?,
Ottawa Hills.

Cow eyes, **gobs** and **gobs** of fun,
Records (all sorts), bridge,
"My brother Freddie", Vassar,
Friendliness, Our John Kireran,
Bottles of ink, hand-knit sweaters,
Locomotive sneeze, "Embraceable You".

. . . . BRUCE . . . . ,
Blond pursuit, motorcycle,
Castalia party, bugs, French bug-bear,
Saturday nights, "Bettle", New Year's Eves,
"I'll Be Seeing You", Sorority president,
Green cashmere sweater, figure.

Sports, Higgins Lake, Student Council,
"I'm Getting Sentimental Over You",
Fringed eyelashes, Smith, good humor,
"It **can** be wrong", that Lauren look,
"I prefer blonds", leadership,
Blue eyes, chemistry, low voice,
"Autumn affair", peace-maker.

Broken bones, 'Long Ago and Far Away",
Personality, "Polonaise", cavalry,
Extra chair, Cuba, open-house,
"Big brother", "way, way out where I
Live", vivacity, new hair-do,
Flicka, et maintenant—Victor, potato chips,
Typing, "I don't get it".

(Turn to page 79 for the answers.)

Upper School

STANDING, (left to right): Sally Jay, Margaret Fraser, Carolyn Johnson, Pat Lathrop, Ann LaRue, Paula Secor, Marcia Carr, Helen Seney.

Juniors

Wishful Thinking

Marcia Carr—A sailor in every port.
Margaret Fraser—A millionaire of any description.
Sally Jay—Interesting neighbors.
Carolyn Johnson—Dates from California.
Lina Ann LaRue—Muncie, Indiana.
Pat Lathrop—Summer in Connecticut.
Paula Secor—A blue convertible.
Helen Seney—A one-hundred foot sailboat.

SEATED, (left to right): Lynn Olwin, Ann Berkebile, Eugenie Lamb, Betty Bentley, Sally Watson, Sally Krapp, Shelia Rorick, Nancy Corbett.
STANDING: Ruth Wieting, Jo Ann Johnson, Gypsy Jo Bennett.

Sophomore Recipe

Three of Gypsy Jo's yolks.
"B's" two cholocate brown eyes.
A large amount of Ann's coloring.
½ cup of Nancy's shortening.
1 cup of Jo's sweet disposition.
1 pound of Sally K's dates.
3 tablespoons of "E's" rich laughter.
1 dash of Lynn's ginger.
1 teaspoon of honey coloring from Sheila's hair.
1 cup of Sally W's. peaches and cream complexion.
1 ounce of sweetness from Ruthie's voice.

Freshmen

SEATED, (left to right:): Barbara Lennihan, Carol Hampe, Helen May (Julie) Crandall. STANDING: Ann Marie Kirk, Sally Stahl, Gayl Marion, Mary Ann Merrill.

Who's Who

Helen May (Julie) Crandall—Who hopes to marry an ambassador

Ann Marie Kirk—Who is usually absent on Monday

Barbara Lennihan—Who says, "Have you bought your War Stamps?"

Gayl Marion—Who misses the bus consistently

Mary Ann Merrill—Who wants to be a second Sherlock Holmes

Carol Hampe—Who takes people sailing on the Maumee River

Sally Stahl—Who helped strengten our Good-Neighbor Policy

SEATED, (left to right) : Elizabeth Coon, Lynne Morris, Raymond Kressman, Joan Bentley, Barbara Johnston, Hugh Foster.
STANDING: Terry Williams, Barbara Silverblatt, Jacqueline Jones, Larry Bentley.

Innocents Abroad

Thomas Bentley—Berne, Switzerland.
Larry Bentley—Berlin, Germany.
Joan Bentley—Norway.
Elizabeth Coon—Scotland.
Hugh Foster—Tibet.
Raymond Kressman—France.
Barbara Johnston—Switzerland.
Jacqueline Jones—Switzerland.
Lynne Morris—Norway.
Barbara Silverblatt—Hawaii.
Beverly Vickerstaff—Japan and China.
Terry Williams—England.

Eighth

LEFT TO RIGHT: Robert Gebhardt, Barbara Lehman, Luther Zai, Betsy Lamb, Sara Chapman, Robert Mitchell, Ellen Waldron, James Douglas.

Seventh

Predictions in 1955

Sara Chapman—Will own the Toledo Blade.
James Douglas—Will reach the heighth of five feet.
Robert Gebhardt—Will fly his helicopter to school.
Betsy Lamb—Will be "Miss America".
Barbara Lehman—Will be rich in charm.
Robert Mitchell—Will be telling moron jokes.
Suzanne Thomas—Will be looking for bracelets to add to her collection.
Ellen Waldron—Will be another Emily Dickenson.
Luther Zai—Will be the Swiss Ambassador to America.

Lower School

LEFT TO RIGHT: John Collins, Bob Fraser, Thomas DeVilbiss, Sidney Warner, Mary Bayer, Patricia Rainie, Audrey Lou Myers.
CENTER: Sue Dudley, Harry Heinl.

Sixth Grade

Keeping Time

Mary (Mimi) Bayer
Charles Cole
John Collins
Thomas DeVilbiss
Sue Dudley
Bob Fraser
Harry Heinl
Audrey Lou Myers
Patricia Rainie
Sidney Warner

Fifth Grade

4:00 P.M.

Jon Deimel
Mary Louise Foster
Spencer Greenhill
Margot Heinl
Barbara Jones
Jacques Kressman
Sally Loop
James Orwig
Stephen Stranahan

BOTTOM ROW, (left to right): Sally Loop, Margot Heinl, Mary Louise Foster, Spencer Greenhill.
TOP ROW, (left to right): Barbara Jones, James Orwig, John Deimel, Jacques Kressman, Stephen Stranhan.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Sally Tasker, Virginia De-Vilbiss, John Knight, Mary Louise Heinl, Carol Williams, Linda Miller, Andrew Harvey, John Williams, Charles DuShane.
NOT IN PICTURE: Nan Poulsen, Betsy Walbridge.

Fourth Grade

Virginia DeVilbiss
Charles DuShane
Andrew Harvey
Mary Louise Heinl
John Knight
Linda Miller
Nan Poulsen
Sally Tasker
Betsy Walbridge
Carol Williams
John Williams

Moments of Fun

Story Time

Carol Bentley
Penelope Cance
Mary Lou Greiner
Barbara Loop
Janet Mather
Michael Meade
David Morrison
Anthony Plutynski
Delmar Roos
George Secor
David White

Third Grade

STANDING: Anthony Plutynski, Carol Bentley, David White, Penny Cance.
SEATED: Barbara Loop, Delmar Roos, Michael Meade, Mary Lou Greiner, Janet Mather.
SEATED ON FLOOR: George Secor, David Morrison.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Sandra Miller, Fred Hebbeler, Susan Crosby, Robert Mennel, Bradford Koles, Hanson Jones.
FRONT ROW: Martha Grubb, Judith Williams, Mary Wilkinson, Franklin Smith.
STANDING: Diana Knight, Susan Poulsen, John Orwig, Lev Flournoy.

Second Grade

Frederick Betz
Sally Crosby
Susan Crosby
Lev Flournoy
Martha Grubb
Fred Hebbeler
Robert Mennel
Jacquelin Hirth
Hanson Jones
Diana Knight
Bradford Koles
Sandra Miller
John Orwig
Mary Peck
Susan Poulsen
Franklin Smith
Judith Williams
Mary Melinda Wilkinson

Time For Art

LEFT TO RIGHT: Robert Bayer, Cary Webb Hanks, Fielding Lewis, Linda Roemer, John Suhrbier, Juddy Johnson, Jim DeVilbiss, William Jennings, Sloane Barbour, Timothy Thurber, Linda Little, Kay Rathbun.
BACK ROW: Jenny Rheinfrank, Priscila Lamb, Luette Close, Jerry Tasker, Michael Stranahan.

Minutes of Thought

Sloane Barbour
Robert Bayer
Luette Close
James DeVilbiss
Cary Webb Hanks
William Jennings
Priscilla Lamb
Fielding Lewis
Linda Little
Kay Rathbun
Jenny Rheinfrank
Linda Roemer
Michael Stranahan
John Suhrbier
Jeremiah Tasker
Timothy Thurber
Judd Johnson
Mary Elizabeth Wade
(Not in Picture) Ann Bell

First Grade

Kindergarten

FIRST ROW: James Spangler, George Poulsen, Ahlene Marshall, Merle Boxell.
SECOND ROW: John Bentley, Joe Heinl, Thomas Smith, Louise Dodge, Lamson Rheinfrank, Gordon Lentz, Earl Boxell, Wendall Johnson.
BACK ROW: Jane Mennel, Anthony Ayers, David Hemley,.
NOT IN PICTURE: Henry Mather, David Miller, Robert Faulkner, William Stork.

Wendall Armstrong
Anthony Ayers
John Bentley
Earl Boxell
Merle Boxell
Louise Dodge
Robert Faulkner
Joe Heinl
David Hemley
Gordon Lentz
Ahlene Marshall
Henry Mather
Jane Mennel
David Miller
George Poulsen
Lamson Rheinfrank
Thomas Smith
James Spangler
William Stork

Time To Begin

Sports

UNDER PICTURE, (left to right): Lynne Morris, Ellen Waldron, Sally Stahl, Carol Hampe, Nancy Corbett, Sally Krapp, Sally Jay, Carolyn Johnson, Betty Bentley, Paula Secor, Harriet Levis, Nancy Boeschenstein, Jo Peck, Marian Wieting, Helen Seney, Lynne Olwin, Gypsy Jo Bennett, Sally Watson, Julie Crandall, Barbara Silverblatt, Barbara Johnston, Betsy Lamb.

Blue Team

Nancy Boeschenstein, Captain
Mary Blair Buggie
Harriet Levis
Jo Ann Peck
Marian Wieting
Sally Jay
Carolyn Johnson
Paula Secor
Helen Seney
Gypsy Jo Bennett
Betty Bentley
Nancy Corbett
Sally Krapp
Lynn Olwin
Sally Watson
Julie Crandell
Carol Hampe
Sally Stahl
Barbara Johnston
Lynne Morris
Barbara Silverblatt
Sara Chapman
Betsy Lamb
Ellen Waldron

Basketball Schedule

February 8, 1946
Grosse Pointe Playday

February 28
Blue 9 White 14

March 7
Maumee Playday

March 13
2nd Team Blue 8 White 2

March 14
Blue White

March 20
2nd Team Blue vs. White

March 21
Ottawa Hills Playday

March 27
2nd Team Blue vs. White

March 28
Blue vs. White

White Team

Hockey Schedule

October 10, 1945
Blue 2 White 1

October 25
Blue 0 White 1

October 30
Maumee Valley 1
Ottawa Hills 0

November 8
Blue 1 White 2

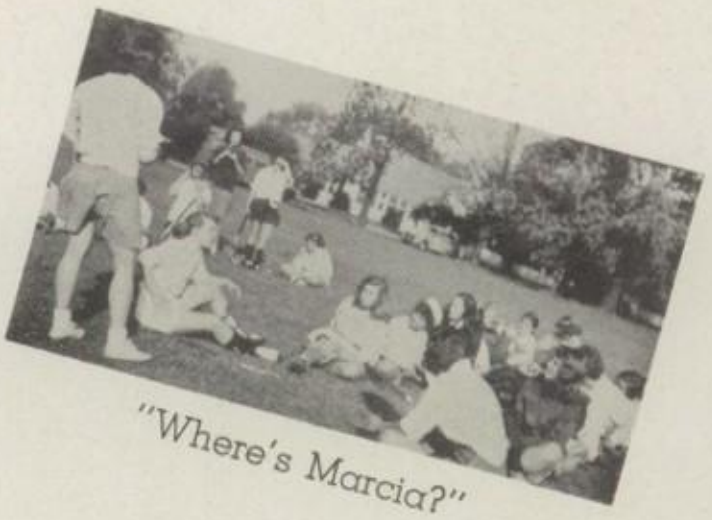
November 13
Maumee Valley 2
Maumee High 1

November 16
Maumee Valley 0
Grosse Pointe 4

Margaret Rose Patterson, Captain
Teta Christy
Nan Parfet
Nancy Woodbury
Marcia Carr
Peggy Fraser
Ann LaRue
Pat Lathrop
Ann Berkebile
JoAnn Johnson
Eugenie Lamb
Sheila Rorick
Ruth Wieting
Ann Kirk
Babs Lennihan
Mary Ann Merrill
Gayl Marion
Joan Bentley
Betty Coon
Jacque Jones
Beverly Vickerstaff
Terry Williams
Barbara Lehman
Sue Thomas

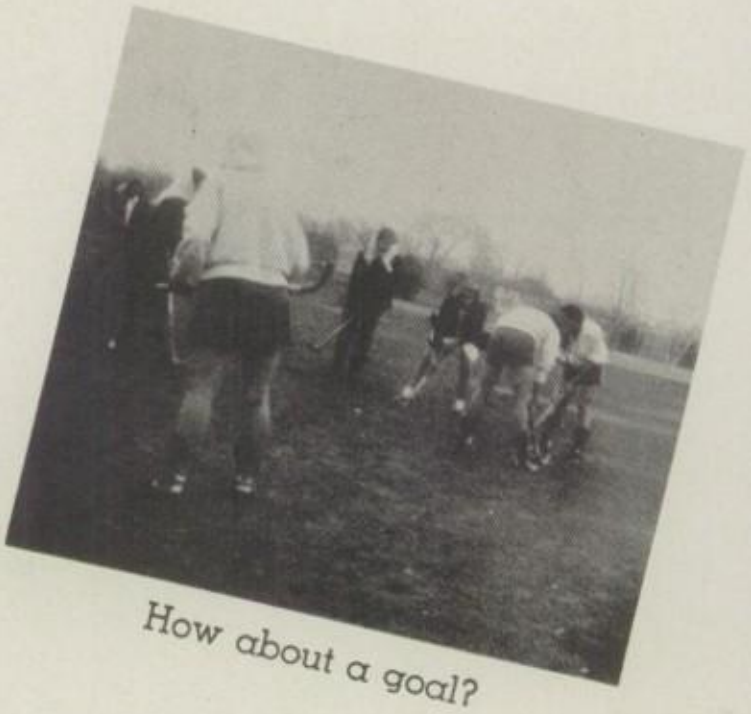
LEFT TO RIGHT: Barbara Lehman, Jacque Jones, Terry Williams, Gayl Marion, Babs Lennihan, Ann Berkebile, JoAnn Johnson, Ann LaRue, Pat Lathrop, Nancy Woodbury, Margaret Rose Patterson, Nan Parfet, Peggy Fraser, Marcia Carr, Ruth Wieting, Sheila Rorick, Ann Kirk, Mary Ann Merrill, Betty Coon, Joan Bentley, Sue Thomas.

Time



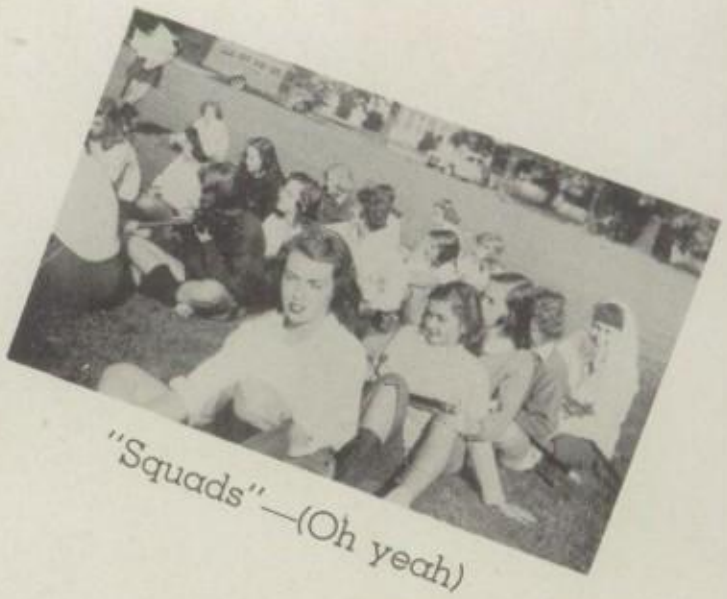
"Where's Marcia?"

Make it straight.



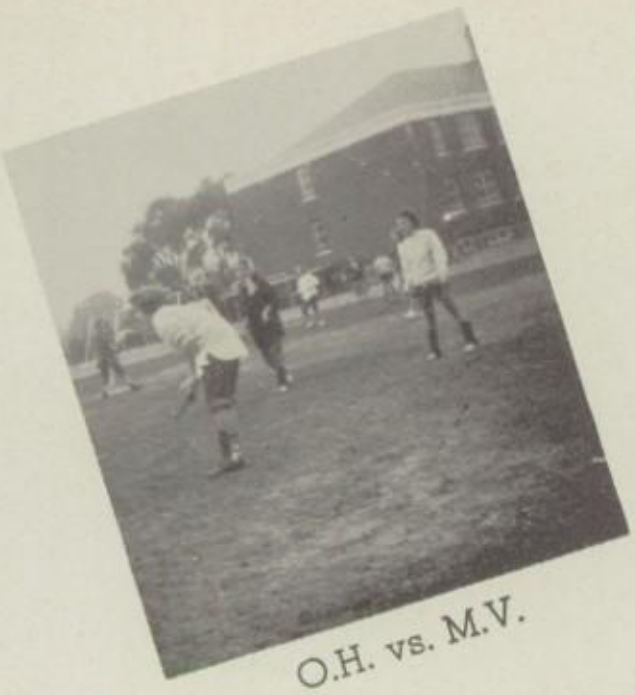
How about a goal?

Maumee vs. M.V.



"Squads"—(Oh yeah)

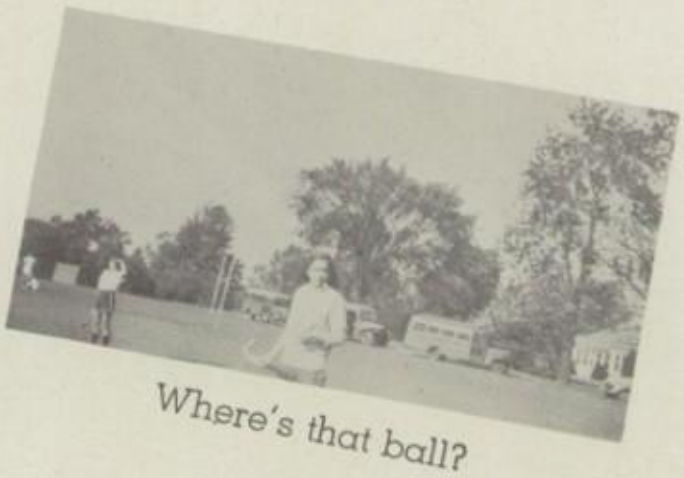
Digging for gold?



O.H. vs. M.V.

Relaxing, Cap?

Future stars.



Where's that ball?

Looks good!

Out

Larry Bentley—G, Raymond Kressman—F, Robert Gebhardt—G, Hugh Foster—C, James Douglas—F, Luther Zai—G, Robert Mitchell—G, Thomas Bentley—G.

Boys Sports

Basketball 1945-1946

December 19	M.V. 7	Holland	20
January 9	M.V. 10	Monclova	50
January 14	M.V. 1	Whitehouse	36
January 16	M.V. 9	Ottawa Hills	35
January 23	M.V. 4	Waterville	40
January 30	M.V. 4	Holland	22
February 1	M.V. 6	Perrysburg	37
February 6	M.V. 3	Whitehouse	33
February 13	M.V. 13	Monclova	26
February 21	M.V. 5	Bowling Green	22
March 6	M.V. 6	Waterville	43
March 14	M.V. 8	Monclova	17
March 12	M.V. 14	Faculty	34

Activities

LEFT TO RIGHT, (Standing) : Sheila Rorick, Marcia Carr.
SEATED: Marian Wieting, Lynne Morris, Luther Zai,, Barbara Lennihan, Nancy Boeschenstein.

Student Council

Marian Wieting—President.
Nancy Boeschenstein—Senior Represenative
Marcia Carr—Junior representative.
Sheila Rorick—Sophomore representative.
Barbara Lennihan—Freshman representative.
Lynne Morris—Eighth grade representative.
Luther Zai—Seventh grade representative.

LEFT TO RIGHT, (standing) : JoAnn Johnson, Sheila Rorick, Nancy Boeschenstein, Paula Secor, Gypsy Jo Bennett, Mme. Renee Geary, Harriet Levis, Marian Wieting, Pat Lathrop, Patricia Christy, Helen Seney, Joan Parfet.
SEATED: Berkebile, Sally Krapp, Nancy Corbett, Elizabeth Bentley, Peggy Fraser, Sally Jay, JoAnn Peck.

French Club

Nancy Boeschenstein
Patricia Christy
Harriet Levis
Nan Parfet
Jo Ann Peck
Marian Wieting
Margaret Fraser
Sally Jay
Pat Lathrop
Paula Secor
Helen Seney
Gypsy Jo Bennett
Betty Bentley
Ann Berkebile
Nancy Corbett
Sally Krapp
Jo Ann Johnson
Mme. Renee Geary, advisor.

Splash!

At camp, when I was ten, I was a sailing enthusiast. My chief delight was gliding over the waves on Walloon Lake in a snipe. But on one memorable day something occurred to change my interests to arts and crafts. Yes—I tipped over. I don't know how it happened. One second I was tacking across the lake, and then a light puff of wind hit me and I began to heel. I kept right on heeling until the boat was under water. I haven't been sailing since 1940.

This year, however, I began to revive my interest in the art of sailing. The Perrysburg Boat Club had **many** attractions, so Leech, my best friend, and I chipped in and jointly bought a boat. It was a lovely red, white, and blue nipper which could carry six people uncomfortably and two people very pleasantly. While associating with the people at the club, we learned many technical and slang expressions for boats and their rigging. Leech and I were confused about things pertaining to the sail. The sail is the 'mains'l' and the rope you use to pull it in is called the 'main sheet'. Of course the sail looked something like a sheet, so we kept on interchanging the terms. We were soon corrected by some of the conscientious sailors. We also found, by some vague references to the boat of Noah's, that an arc is a boat that barely manages to stay afloat.

A few weeks after we bought the boat, Leech and I and one of her friends went out for a sail. It was such a lovely, calm day that they (not I) decided to cleat down the sail. Later a small puff of wind came up and Leech's friend told her to point higher into the wind so that we could heel. Leech, forgetting or ignoring the cleated sail, pointed high.

I was singing, and here's what it sounded like: "Oh, it's only a paper glub glub gurgle goo—" One second I was sitting between the centerboard and the side of the boat, and the next I was kicking in the sail.

Leech and I left the friend floundering around in the water, trying to right the boat, and with two power boats and a canoe, went home to recuperate.

Elizabeth Bentley
Grade Ten

When I Left Home Never To Return

When I was younger, our home was the favorite place to play hide and seek because there were many shrubs and places to hide. During the summer you would most likely see children darting in and out of the bushes. This was often interrupted by our gardener, whom I had never liked. He would tell us not to get in among the shrubbery or not to jump on the smaller bushes, but we did it anyway. The more he scolded, the more we did it. So you can imagine how our feelings for each other were. This of course led to many practical jokes.

My best friend at that time was a girl named Paula. Paula and I were very mischievous and our pet person to play tricks on was the gardener. But one day our trick backfired. We put a bucket of water over the door going from the house to the garage. We then went to the library and put a puzzle together. We were waiting for the outcome and it came. There was a loud crash and you could hear my father saying things that were not meant for such tender ears as mine. At this time Paula and I were congratulating each other on being so brilliant. As the victors always return to view their spoils, so did we. As we entered the kitchen, we heard peals of laughter and saw my father removing a bucket from his head. He saw me and I saw him. Bingo! We looked like two dogs that weren't on friendly terms. But, alas, he caught me and it was in the few minutes that followed that I decided to relieve my parents of the burden of being parents. I went to my nursery and kissed by dolls goodbye, took my coat, baby buggie and a ham sandwich, and left never to return. I walked and walked. Then it grew dark and I got scared. My parents by this time were pretty worried and had the police on my trail. This was all right because I wanted to go home. But in the process I had adopted about a dozen large filthy dogs. When I came trooping into the living room, you can imagine what happened. It started all over again, but this time I'm not ever going to come back.

Helen May Crandell
Grade Nine

Home For a Little While

One quiet winter day, I walked unsuspectingly into my room. I almost keeled over. To begin with, my room never was a handsome sight—the north room of a house is always an eyesore. Always unusually dark in summer, dreary and cold in winter. Its blue walls stare with a dull stupidity back at me when I glance at them. Except for a gay flowered print standing out like a bold sentinel, the walls are a severe ice-blue, a color I detest, and I vow I will some day paint them a soft pink.

The room is small, the ceiling of medium height and white in color. Perhaps I would be more truthful if I said the ceiling is a becoming shade of gray. There are two windows—one opening to the north, and the other to the east. This lends the room a half lighted sensation like that of a medieval castle. I try to overcome these uncomely features by immaculate cleanliness, BUT! when I look at it now! Dark shades half drawn add to the castle effect. Every kind of man's clothing is strewn about on the floor, bed, chair, chest and dresser lending a homey light to the subject. We now have a homey castle. I felt a fury come up inside me. Then I spotted a huge lump in the middle of my bed. Then I realized why my room looked as if a cyclone had hit it—my brother was home on furlough!

You may wonder why I don't mention my anger again. My brother is bigger than I am!

Sara Chapman
Grade Seven

Painting the Kitchen and Various Other Objects in the Line of Fire

I'm really quite a calm person at heart, but when and if anyone ever mentions painting a kitchen to me again, I shall fly into an ungovernable rage!

You may ask me why I have this fobia against those three words (painting a kitchen) and if you'll give me a chance, I'll tell you. Oh-h-h! My poor aching back!

There! Now that I'm down in a reasonably comfortable chair I shall begin.

It all started when my wife thought that it would be much easier for me to paint the kitchen than to bother with one of those "stupid painters," as she called them. I was against it, mind you, from the very start, but never underestimate the power of a woman. The next thing I knew, I was mounting an unusually rickety ladder with a bucket of paint over my arm. I decided to paint the ceiling first as I had often heard that it was the hardest.

I dipped in the brush and took a great swash at the celing, missing it entirely. This made me lose my balance and with a lurch I stuck one hand in the can of paint and let go of the brush with the other hand. The brush went flying to the other side of the room and landed with a squish against the opposite wall making a hideous yellow splash against the green background.

I gingerly stepped down off the ladder and picked up the brush from the floor, where it had left a second mark.

I reached the ladder without another mishap. I started up the ladder but not fast enough to escape the capers of our young Great Dane. He playfully pushed his paw in my face and knocked my calmly over with a shove. As I was feeling for any broken bones, Bruiser smelled the paint in the can and had to investigate. He got two steps up the ladder when I saw it coming at me—paint, dog and everything else. Well, when I became conscious again I saw Bruiser greedily lapping up the paint on the floor. You know from there on. Now if you'll hand me my crutch, I'll go see how the professional painter is doing.

Barbara Johnston
Grade Eight

LEFT TO RIGHT, (standing) : Miss Davis, Peggy Fraser, Marcia Carr, Ann LaRue, Marian Wieting, Margaret Patterson, Julie Crandell, Nancy Boeschenstein.
SEATED: Sally Jay, Ann Kirk, Carolyn Johnson, Ruth Weiting, JoAnn Johnson.

"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"

Chorus

Nancy Boeschenstein
Margaret Patterson
Marian Wieting
Marcia Carr
Peggy Fraser
Sally Jay
Carolyn Johnson
Ann LaRue
Jo Ann Johnson
Ruth Wieting
Helen Mae Crandell
Ann Kirk
Miss Davis—director.

Heigh Ho, Napoleon

You won't believe what I'm going to tell you —probably because it isn't true. However, that's beside the point.

It was the summer of '35 and a very dry one at that. When I was sitting in my backyard one afternoon thinking of nothing in particular, the paper boy came by and caught me neatly in the back of the neck with the "Farmer's Daily Journal and Gazette." When I regained consciousness, the first thing I saw was the headline of the paper which shouted at me in bold type, "Kentucky Derby scheduled one month from today!" This started my somewhat dull brain ticking. I thought, "Wouldn't it be nice to win that race and get the beautiful silver cup?" The more I thought about that idea, the more it appealed to me. Finally, my mind was made up. I should send in my application that very afternoon. Now all I had to do was find a horse.

After dinner, I mounted my unocycle and set out to find the horse which was to win the Kentucky Derby. I saw many horses on my route but none that suited me. As I was about to return home and give up the whole idea, I discovered the object of my search contentedly cropping grass in a nearby field. The minute I saw him standing there silhouetted against the glorious technicolor of the sunset, I knew that he was the horse for me. I overlooked that sway back and the decidedly convex stomach.

There was a small shack nearby, so I went over to inquire. I knocked gently but the door fell in anyway. Upon investigating further, I found that the owner of the shanty was Tony, the junk man, and the horse I had seen in the field, Napoleon, his beast of burden. Tony didn't seem much impressed by my idea and it took a lot of persuasion to convince him that Napoleon could do the job. But finally, after promising him half of the winnings and also the free use of my car to pick up his junk, Napoleon was mine (for a month).

On my way home, my mind was full of happy thoughts concerning the race. I could see Napoleon thundering across the finish line as the crowd went into mad ecstasies. I could also see the ceremony for the presentation of the cup during which photographers would be snapping my picture. Why, I might even be honored with the key to the city.

I was rudely awakened from my dreaming by a jolt which might have unseated me had I not been nested securely in the curve of "Nappy's" back. (I hate to use the word "swayback" so from now on I shall refer to it as Nappy's "curve".)

I gazed about me with horror. We stood in the marble floored hallway of the public museum.

"Perhaps," I reasoned, "Napoleon finds himself in need of cultural development."

We stood there—just Napoleon and I and a majestic statue of a Prussian soldier. Whether Napoleon was moved to anger by the injustice done at Waterloo to his namesake by a number of these men or whether he just didn't like statues, no one will ever know. However, it was not hard to decipher what happened next. In the same quick movement, Napoleon whirled and struck out with his rear hooves. In no time at all the statue was just so much dust on the highly polished floor. The act completed, Napoleon clattered out of the museum and down the hundred odd steps with me still clinging to his neck.

We arrived at our gate slightly out of breath but full of new courage and hope—also full of vegetables because "Nappy" had upset a huckster's wagon coming through town.

The weeks that followed were anxious ones. Napoleon went through a very rigorous training and flourished. In no time his "hay belly" had disappeared and he really began to look quite handsome for all his fifteen years.

Finally the day was upon us. I had loaded Napoleon into a van the day before and thus he had made the trip to Churchill Downs ten miles distant. The race was to be held that afternoon at three o'clock. I was at the track by two. When I arrived, the grooms were preparing the horses for the race. I dashed into the dressing room, leaped into my togs, snatched my gear and ran out to be weighed. For, you see, I was riding my own horse in this race.

As I stood in line, I caught a glimpse of Napoleon in his black velvet blanket trimmed with scarlet sequins which I had made for him. Just then the thought struck me that it would be nice if he could wear it during the entire race. It would add so much to his prestige.

Heigh Ho, Napoleon

Overjoyed with this idea, I capered over to Napoleon, mounted him and we were off to the track.

We all lined up at the gate. I noticed that Nappy was hardly nervous at all. The fact that both his eyes kept turning in towards his nose, I attributed to self-consciousness. There was that tense silence just before the gun went off. Then the sharp report of a revolver! The gates flew open and the horses thundered out. That is, all except Napoleon. He crumpled to the ground after the first step. Immediately I thought he had been shot. But I found he had tripped over his robe. I leaped off and tore the devilish garment from his back. Before I had a chance to remount, he was halfway down the track in hot pursuit of the others. I watched the rest of the race in a straddle position on the fence.

The horses were in the back stretch now, all close together. There was just one straggler! I dared not hope. Now, one horse crept into the lead! It was—no, it couldn't be! But it was Napoleon!

The next minutes were like a dream. Vaguely I heard the announcer shout, "The greatest race of all times has been won today by a little brown horse!"

The odds on Nappy had been one-thousand to one or some such cruel number.

But wait! What was this? A sudden roar arose from the crowd. I looked up just in time to see Napoleon zoom past the gate still going full tilt, vault the fence and strike out for home fully ten miles away as I mentioned before.

Of course, we didn't win the cup because of some silly old rule about the jockey staying on the horse until after it has crossed the finish line. No, the cup went to the horse and jockey who came in second. But never the less, both Napoleon and I have the satisfaction of knowing that we won, fair and square, the greatest race of all times, "The Kentucky Derby."

Lynne Olwin
Grade Ten

And the Gates Open

While I am being jostled along in a chilly bus or lolling in an immense easy chair beside the fire popping on the hearth, my thoughts often escape my control. They leave the best seller lying in my lap and the bowl of popcorn oozing salty butter and carry me to meditations of my future duties, then slyly lead me back, back, back to my supreme pleasure, a show. Oh, no, nothing so trite as a movie or vaudeville act, but an exciting animal show. Did you ask what kind of animals? The most beautiful and most human of the whole beast kingdom, the standard bred horse. From his massive, steel-like muscles to his almost fragile pastern, he is an enigma and intrigue, and a thing of beauty. The show and the horse are only part of the cause of my wandering thoughts. They recall to me the anticipation, suspense and glow I feel before an equestrian show.

About a week beforehand, I commence to become excited. The feel of the material in my riding suit, which is taken out of the closet only during the days of the show, the extra vigor of the primed and glossed horses, the dazzle of the crowd and ring, the intonations of the announcer's voice, the judge and ringmaster casually leaning on their canes, are all very vivid.

During the week preceding my and my horse's performance, there is extra care and coaching during our workouts. The horse is saved and rested as much as possible in order that he will have all the life and bloom a top show horse should have when he enters the ring and makes the crowd suck in its breath. The tack is given harder rubs with amber saddle soap and the bits and stirrups are made to glisten. Then two days before the opening date, everyone prepares for departure. Manes, tails, ears, fetlocks are trimmed. Tack, sometimes feed and bedding, camp chairs, bunting (to decorate the stalls), tools, pitchforks, brooms, rubrags, ribbon for braiding manes, and various medicines are assembled in trunks.

Next morning, in the cool darkness, the struggle to get the prima donnas into the van begins. After a few unsuccessful tries, interspersed with short walks and many pats and kind words, the horses are loaded and stand stamping and sweating in their stalls. The trunks, feed and extra paraphernalia are then feverishly loaded and the van rumbles away. The next morning the riders depart in the car with myriads of hat boxes, suitcases, thermos bottles, and hotel reservations. All are overflowing with happiness and expectation. The reward for your work and pinnacle of your hopes are attained when the gates to the ring are flung open and you charge in on a square trot, feeling the hot locomotive-like force under you, and sense the myriad eyes upon you.

Teta Christy
Grade Twelve

Never Again

As I turned over on my hard cot and was awakened by my only too trusty alarm clock, I opened my eyes merely to close them again in complete horror of the sight that confronted me. It was still dark outside but I could catch a glimpse of my weapons and hunting clothes as the moon peeked in on them through the homemade window in my tent. My rifle looked too big, my bear-trap too cruel even with the temperature near seventy degrees, at the thought of my hazardous expedition without them.

I took a deep breath and hurled myself out of my cot onto the bare ground which felt soft and cool to my hot feet. As I scrambled into my clothes, the dawn began faintly to creep up from the east and by the time I had eaten my breakfast, it had captured my entire world.

I cleaned up my tent, threw my knapsack, rifle, bear-trap, and slingshot over my shoulder, and started out toward the dense forest which was now alive again with screeches from birds and animals. This time I was determined to

Waiting for the bus to come in.

"I know, Miss Parsons."

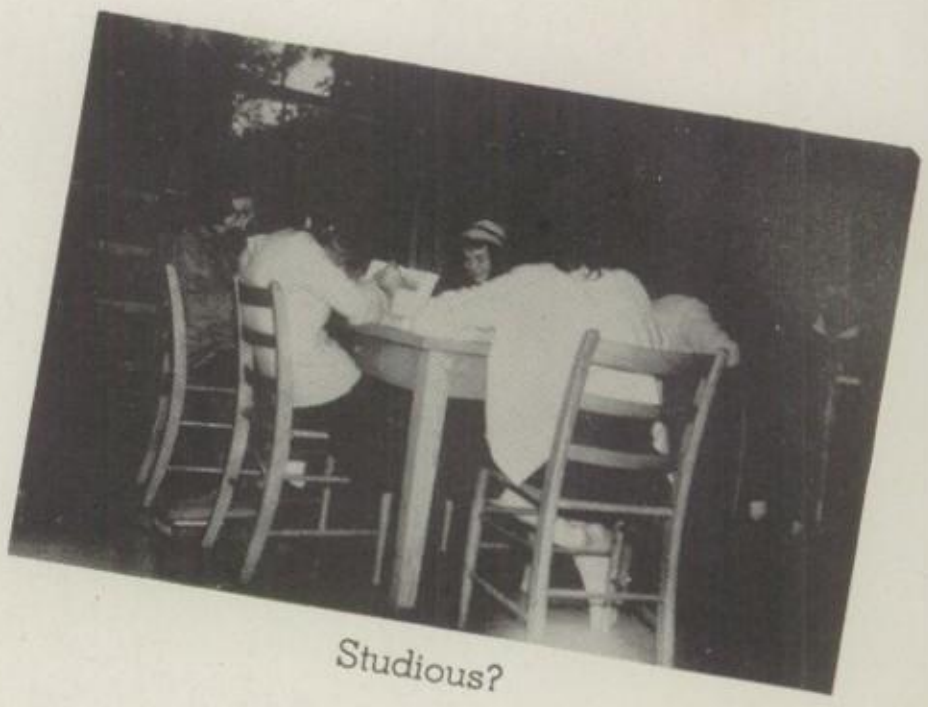
Come one, come all.

Watch those curves.

A. W.

Two of a kind and Hugh.

Hold tight.



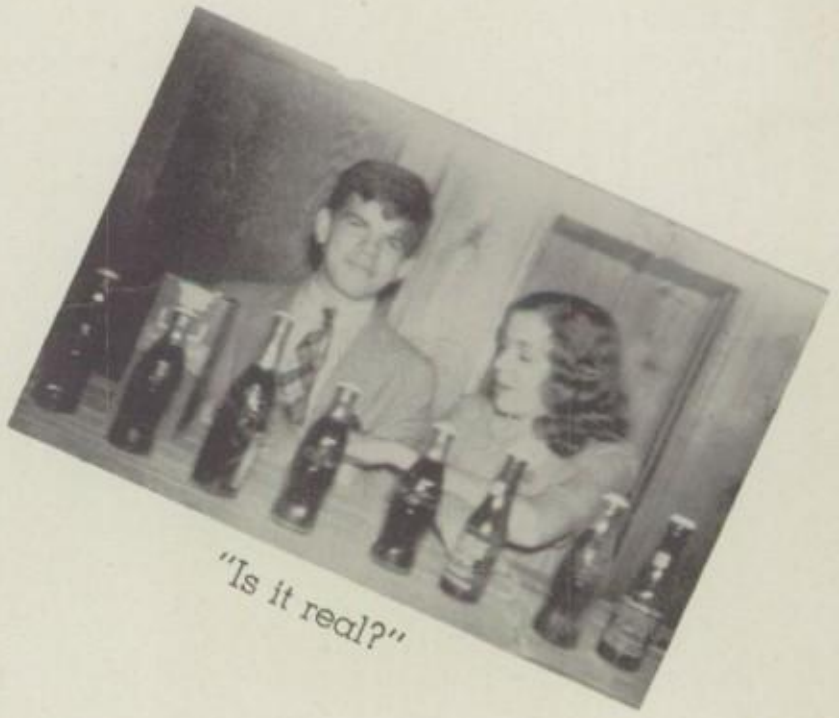
Studious?

Going somewhere?

"Stork Club."

Forward March!

P. M.



"Is it real?"

"What'll it be?"

Spooks!!

overcome my dreaded enemy and was watching for the slightest trace of him.

Shortly I heard a low hum which faded a little and then became louder. As I moved on, the noise increased, and I knew I would soon be upon him. I moved cautiously on, stopping now and then but for never longer than a moment. I came upon a large bush and stopping, set the bear trap and placed it out of sight, immediately resuming my daring excursion.

As luck would have it, I came upon my unsuspecting enemy within a few hundred feet of the bear-trap. He was sleeping peacefully on a bed of soft leaves and clover and was snoring loudly. He was of tremendous stature for this type, equaling at least five of his brothers each of whom boasted a title of the largest on this side of the world.

I quietly laid my knapsack aside, leaned my rifle against a tree, and picked up a large stone inserting it in the pocket of my handy slingshot. I took careful aim, pulled my weapon out to its full extent and let go. I felt myself flying through the air and landing in a small rosebush. I peeked through my upward-tilting legs and viewed the clearing in which lay the dreaded beast. There, spattered in a thousand pieces were the remains, and I couldn't help feeling a little pity for the brutal thing which couldn't have known what hit it.

I soon abandoned this emotion, however, as I thought back over my tortured nights, remembering how I had had no sleep because of the mutilated animal on the ground. For you see, this—this thing—had formerly been—a mosquito.

JoAnn Johnson
Grade Ten

Three Or Four Hour Delay

When you are as I am, very attached to your parents and brother, and Long Distance Operator 49 says there will be a long delay, your heart does a double-flip and lands upside-down.

There I was, sitting on a buffalo rug in Portia Portia's "cabine," waiting. Joan Rogers was in the same predicament that I was in. We had been in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, attending Perry-Mansfield Camp for three long weeks. We both had letters from our families requesting the sound of our voices over Bell's wonderful invention.

I had many questions to ask Mom, and just as many interrogative sentences that wanted replies from Dad. Where was Jamie? Was Georgia from the South and how were my grandparents?

The operator's voice was far from sympathetic and sympathy was just what I needed. She said in a very curt voice,

"On your call to Perrysburg, Ohio, to the James Secor's, there will be a three to four hour delay. Shall I cancel the call?" I said I would wait and that started my long vigil. Joanie was luckier than I. She had only about a forty-five minute delay to 16 Clarenden Place, Buffalo, New York.

Just as our faces had about reached our knees, the phone rang. Joanie jumped up and grabbed the receiver. After saying the customary "hello," she handed the phone to me. The operator said there wasn't a long delay now but only about thirty minutes.

My heart was now right side up and I could again smile. Joanie and I grabbed each other and danced around the room until we fell into the waiting arms of the blue and white divan.

Again the phone rang. We both ran over, and while I was hanging over Joanie's shoulder so I could hear also, she answered. Our fingers were tightly crossed but our luck wasn't with us. It was for Portia-Portia. We ran all over the camp and finally located her doing a square dance.

Next, the phone rang for Kingo. She was nowhere to be found, so we told the person to call later. It was now twenty-five minutes after the operator had given me her wonderful news.

Joanie was biting her nails and I was about to start on a piece of wood. (My nails were all gone.) The minutes dragged by like the slow leaves falling from a tall tree.

Again the phone rang. Joanie and I were praying fast and hard. It was for me! My mother was now talking to me from two thousand miles away. I was so excited that I was almost speechless.

After the last question was answered, the last good-by said, I hung up with an inflated feeling. After Joanie's call came through, we wound our way back to our cabin and bed. A night was made right by an unknown Operator Number 49.

Paula Secor
Grade Eleven

On Looking Through a Classroom Window

When a student looks through a classroom window, he usually sees a house, some trees, a street, anything—a B-29 or a transport. These are merely plain, common things to him on the outside, perhaps, but to the one on the inside of a window, supposedly devoted to the method of declining "bonus poeta," what interest and fascination they hold.

I have a favorite classroom window scene, one I see several times a day, five days a week. It is one of which I never tire because there is always some change in it, usually small, but very obvious. I have had to form the habit of sitting with my back to the window so that I may become more familiar with Shelley, Wordsworth and Bobbie Burns, and not with that which is on the other side of the pane. I doubt whether Mr. Burns, or Mr. Shelley, or Mr. Wordsworth would have minded particularly if they had known I was enjoying the passing of autumn or the coming of spring more than the history of their lives. It is easy to see that they, too, were avid nature lovers. Unfortunately, though, they aren't around and my disciplinarian is, and even though occasionally I have seen her cast a rather longing eye through the window at the striking movement of a pair of red wings, it is her duty and mine to see that I learn about the background of these great poets. After all, they were able to express the beauties of nature, and I am able only to think about them.

There is a tree in this scene, a tall, massive one which provides half the intrigue of the window. In the fall, its leaves turn slowly, adding hundreds of striking autumn colors to the more faded ones in the distance. In winter, its ice-coated branches taunt me as I sit in class, diverting my attention, urging me to come watch the little sun rays as they caper and slip about on the ice. And then in spring, it pushes out its little buds for me to see, and keeps pushing them out until they are big, green leaves that flitter and whisper to me through the open window. How I wish I could listen to them instead of to a reprimand for day dreaming. With summer and warmer weather, the tree brings shade, making the grass beneath its spread look cool and inviting. Yet indoors, exams are hovering menacingly.

As I look through the tree windows (which provide my view) I see, beyond the tree, the highway, which never changes with the seasons, but which is always casting things in the shape of trucks or army convoys, or speeding automobiles into sight and then abruptly causing them to vanish as it follows the course of the hill. I cannot help wondering where all those conveyances are bound.

Just across the highway is a farm, a little old farm with honeysuckle vines and chickens pecking in the yard. I can almost always get a glimpse of the farmer, working at some task or other. I see him in the fall making the chicken-coop winterproof, or in the winter carrying a load of wood to the kitchen. He probably keeps it warm all right. At least, when I glance up from Latin translation, I can see the smoke piling briskly from the chimney.

Yet, I see him most in the spring, when he starts planting his garden. He harnesses his horse to the plow and starts in. Not many days later, he mends a break in the fence and puts his horse to pasture. Suddenly he is off in answer to a wave of someone's hand from the barn. The bell rings then and I am off to another class, very curious about what is going on, on the other side of the glass. I find out though, several days later when right in the middle of my vocabulary test, I utter a soft "Oh-h-h," and I see marching proudly from the barn, the little old man leading his cow who is even prouder as she is followed by a tiny, wobbly creature that is trying to prance a bit as any self-respecting five-day-old calf should do on its first time out in the big wide world.

I say something about Bobbie Burns then, how many times he had seen that as a boy. And then I gasp, for I have combined that which I learned on the inside, with that which I saw through the class room window.

Marian Wieting
Grade Twelve

To Spin an Airplane

Today would be spins for sure, I knew that as soon as I heard the dull click of the parachute harness as I snapped it into place, back in one of the little offices of the hangar. The office was an interesting room with its pictures of early planes, and planes still to come. Mr. Metcalf's eyes always shone when he talked about airplanes. It was the same with everyone at the airport. Flying just got in your blood and stayed there. I didn't think about that now, though. I thought about spins. Spins, although just another flight maneuver to an instructor, were usually thought of as another way to commit suicide by the student. With this thought in the back of my head, I was, nevertheless, looking forward to them. I envisioned them as giving you the same sensation as going on a very slow roller-coaster. You simply spin slowly around and down.

My instructor was saying something. I turned my head so I could hear. She said she wanted me to climb straight to 2000 feet. I began the climb. My parachute harness felt good, I thought, and the safety belt established a warm sensation in my stomach. This was fun, and only slightly gruesome. What was it Nan had said about the man who got sick on right spins but not on left ones? I began glancing nervously around, and decided than an Aeronca L3B had not been designed for those stomachs that don't take to the air. I felt that the small slide-back windows hardly offered an adequate opening.

It was exquisite up here. I thought what fun it would be to go through that cloud that looked like a pig, and wouldn't that wheatfield with its soft, waving, golden grain make a nice mattress to bounce on. You might climb forever further into this azure dome.

However, we had attained our altitude. My stomach muscles tightened, and I swallowed hard as my instructor gave the word to begin the slow turn that preceded every spin. I completed the turn and began to pull the nose of the ship up. The controls were becoming sloppy as we approached the stalling point. It was hot, terribly hot. I began to perspire. Funny thing I hadn't noticed the heat before. It was almost time now. I heard the instructor telling me to jam on the right rudder pedal. I knew what was coming. The plane nosed suddenly over.

I don't know what happened to my breath. It just wasn't there any more. My stomach may have been in my feet. I shouldn't have known if it had. I forgot all about the roller-coaster and quickly began wondering how I had happened to become mixed up in the tip of a tornado twister. I wondered whether it was my head that I felt hanging on my neck. I wanted to let go of the controls completely and just leave everything to my instructor, if she were still there. This hardly seemed practical so I abandoned the idea. I wished I hadn't been so cross to my brother before I left home, and what was it I hadn't remembered to tell Mother?

Finally the silence in the back seat subsided, and I jammed on the left rudder, pushed the stick forward, and we came out of the spin and started diving toward a large red barn. I wasn't sure whether I was going to black out or not. I didn't. I saw several terrified people running around in circles with their hands in the air. They seemed to be looking for something to hide under, but were having some difficulty deciding just where the crash would occur. Silly people, I thought, as I eased the stick back and we assumed level flight. Didn't they know I was just doing a little spin?

Nancy Boeschenstein
Grade Twelve

"Chuck" For Tall

I had been looking forward to seeing him with a certain skepticism that comes from having been stuck with the sons of my mother's oldest and best friends more than once. Of course, Charles John Lauton and I had played together at the age of three when our hero had been a cowboy, but this was different. Charles John Lauton was no longer three. In fact he was five time three and one half.

My Mother said something that sounded to my uninterested ears like, "I'm sure Charles John will be a nice polite boy, Honey. The boys of darling Gladys couldn't be any thing else." I mumbled "Hummm," and went on not listening.

The car drove up and out hopped Charles John Lauton and his mother. Charles John was this kind of boy: You didn't care whether he had a good personality or any character or not, and he probably didn't have. He was about six feet tall with feet that looked like over-size battle ships. You soon overlooked all these difficulties when you reached his face. He had clear brown eyes and blond hair with the smallest bit of selfmade wave. In the back of his head there were about six hairs that couldn't decide to go to the right or left, so they didn't.

He looked as though he was an avid reader of the literature of Charles Atlas. His voice was low and loud which immediately informed you that it wasn't quite used to talking that way yet and that his favorite song was "Caledonia."

His taste ran true to form. His costume consisted of a shirt that was trying to out yell the rainbow, a pair of dirty jeans, and a pair of sox that were more conventional fire engine red. His favorite radio show was Danny Kaye's, his car was named "Genevive," "Geney" for short. Yes, Mother, I'm sure the darling little boy of Gladys wouldn't be anything else.

Nancy Corbett
Grade Ten

Not Quite Dry Behind the Ears

This story is dedicated to all those of the younger generation who find their elders a perplexing problem.

Isn't it terrible to be an adolescent? Too old to just gurgle off to sleep when things get boring and too young to understand all the queer things adults do.

There have been many books written about children so parents can better understand their offspring. Someone should write a book about the older generation. In fact I'm tempted to do so myself..

The most irritating thing an adult can do is greet an adolescent something like this.

"My dear, I can't believe that it's really you. Why I knew you when you were so high (this remark is accompanied by a gesture of raising the hand a few feet from the floor) and here you are a big girl." This last is said as if it's the most surprising thing in the world. What am I expected to do? Shrink?

Another thing is the condescending way adults have of treating their juniors. I realize they're a bit older than I and therefore have forgotten more than I know; but a few of the things my erstwhile elders have forgotten I do know and they sometimes can come in handy. But alas and alack, I never get a chance to prove I have anything other than sawdust in my head.

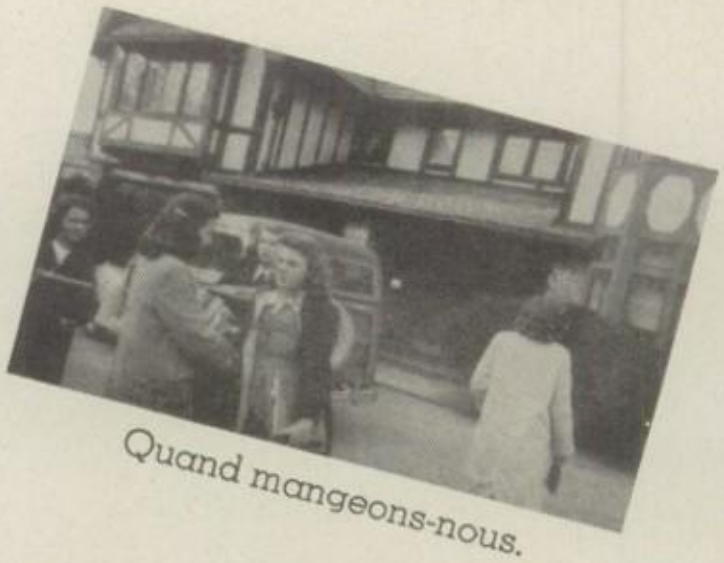
Also parents have a convenient way of forgetting that they, too, were once young. Either that or they spent their childhood in the dark ages. Whenever I want to do something I am put off with the remark, "When I was your age, I didn't do it, so why should you?" I then proceed to explain that times have changed since they were my age, but my father says, "It wasn't that long ago" and the subject is closed.

And when going out somewhere I'm invariably told, "Be a good girl and have a good time." What I'd like to know is how can I do both?

Yes, the older generation is quite a problem. But I think we youngsters do quite well in handling them, thank you.

Barbara Silverblatt
Grade Eight

Coax me.

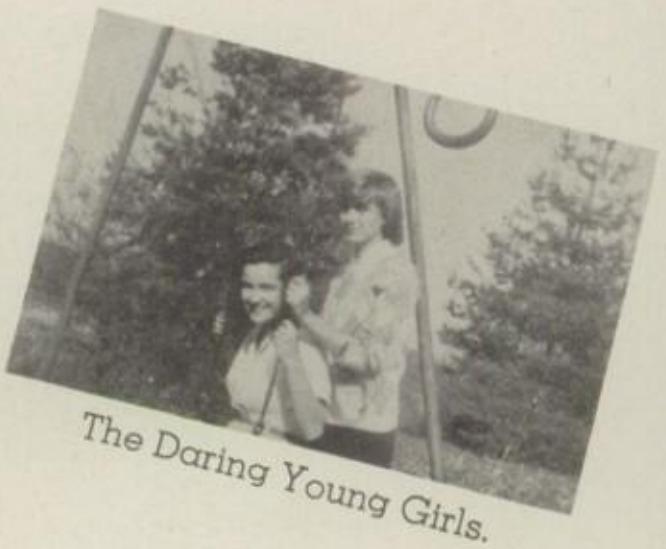


Quand mangeons-nous.

"ODD"

Smile "perty."

Sewing circle.



The Daring Young Girls.

Who's tired?

Pulcher nauta.

Pretty eyes.

Waiting?

Smile, Mr. Ward.

CAROLYN!!!!!

"Moments"

Marizy doats.

Teachers' pets.

Virgo–

–August 24-Sept. 23

Sporting sunburns, broken arms, and battered legs, we returned to M.V. after a glorious two and a half month vacation.

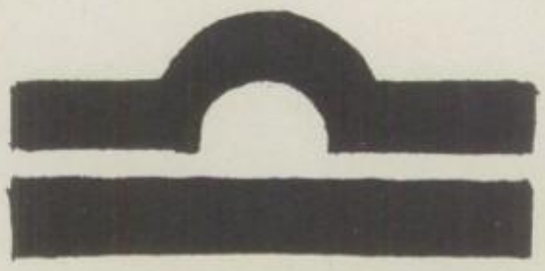
We found one morning that the bright yellow spot on the horizon was not the rising sun, but our new bus.

A long standing rivalry was renewed at the first Blue-White hockey game of the year. The Blue team won.

New students were 'reeling' at the Student Council party given in their honor.

On the morning of October, 18, we were greeted with groans and complaints from our parents who had attended the Parents' Night on the previous evening.

Libra–



–September 24- October 23

The feud continues — Whites were victorious at the second hockey game of the season.

On the evening of October 20, the Sophomore Class entertained us at the 'Stork Club'.

Feud enjoys temporary cessation when the Whites became the Hockey Champions of 1945.

M.V. Hockey Team traveled to Grosse Pointe to be the guests of the Grossė Pointe Country Day School students and to challenge them to a game. Parties and dinners occupied the social calendar.

Scorpio–

–October 24-November 22.

Saggitarius–

–November 23-December 21.

Moths and bats flew from purses as students at M.V. undertook the Victory Stamp campaign.

Fifth and sixth grade students transported us to the realm of fancy with their presentation of 'Robin Hood' at our Christmas Assembly.

In spite of aching bones and horrible colds resulting from the widespread flu epidemic, we found compensations in the form of two additional days added to our Christmas Vacation.

Capricorn —

– December 22- January 20

After a gay holiday season everyone stumbled back to school to recuperate.

A lucky sign for our seniors: on January 21st they were granted their senior privileges in a formal assembly.

Smiles prevailed when Mr. Les Pursell, decided competition for Van Johnson, returned after three years' service in the Army. Welcome back, Percy! !

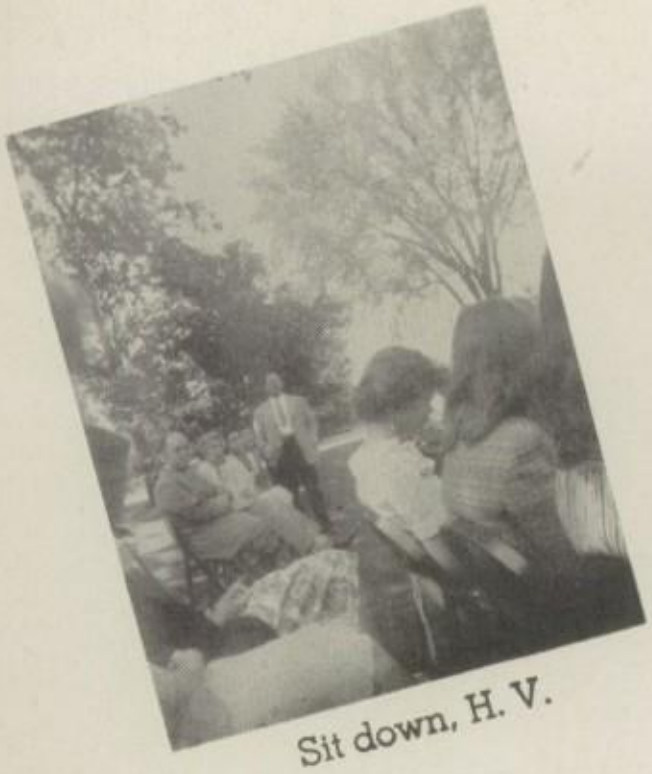
Aquarius–

–January 21-December 19

Turn about is fair play. W.V. welcomed students from Grosse Pointe who came down for a basketball game followed by an evening of entertainment.

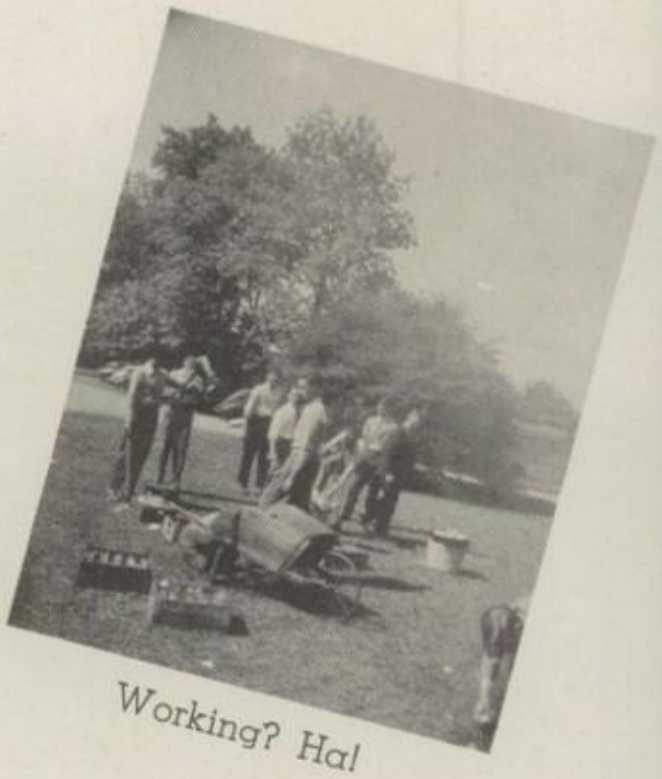
Minus Navy blues and service ribbons, Mr. Stork returned to assume his duties as Headmaster. Happy day ! ! !

Literally everything from soup to nuts could be found in the hall during the food campaign for U.N. R.R.A. Good work, Sophomores.



Sit down, H. V.

Glad to meet you.



Working? Ha!

Yea, Blues.

Flash

Isn't it sweet.

Going to the dogs.

Straight line.

Bottles, bottles everywhere.

Where is your sign, Boesch?

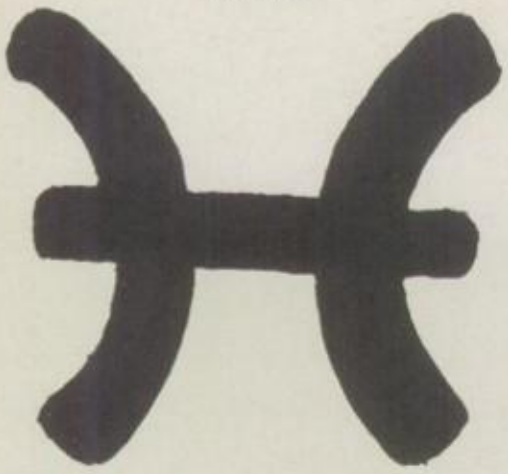
Everybody wants to get into the act.

Back

Give out.

You monsters, you.

Pisces–



–February 20-March 20

The M.V. family increased from 150 to 151 when we adopted a six year old Parisian girl. Money made at the Freshman Bake Sale will be used to finance this child.

Juniors take vacation from harrowing work on the Weather Vane on Washington's birthday.

The Eighth Grade presented the Mardi Gras to help us celebrate our long week-end.

The end of February brought our first Blue-White basketball game. Blues bowed to the Whites.

Aries–

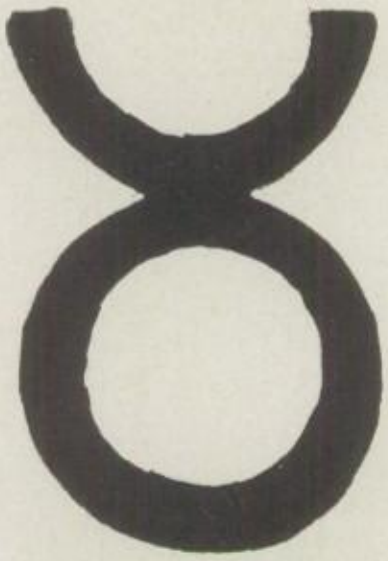
–March 21-April 20

Welcome Sweet Springtime — Student Council sponsers informal Spring Dance.

Basketball season ends with last Blue-White game of the season.

Why is everyone smiling, so joyously smiling? It's April 12th and Spring Vacation starts today.

Taurus–



–April 21-May 21.

"Yes, you may study outside but you must stay within the radius of the library.

Everyone returns from spring vacations with talks of travel.

Miss Parsons is seen taking daily strolls to the Dogwood Path to observe the progress of the blossoms.

Future Betty Grables and Lana Turners present the annual senior play.

A long but memorable year concludes with the award assembly and final luncheon.

A walk through the garden and another class of Maumee Valley has graduated. An evening of gaiety is in store for everyone who attends the Senior Prom.

Gemini–

–May 21-June 20.

B.W.O.C.

I had always looked up to the Maumee Valley seniors. Indeed there were a few cases of heroine worship. Now I am one—a Big Woman on Campus. I'm not an exalted personage. I've noticed no idolizers, and worst of all, the bright line of knowledge comes with no less ease. My goal is reached but a new goal is looming and less attainable—college. I have family tradition to uphold. My mother went to Vassar and my grandmother was the first woman west of Cleveland to go there. Most important, I have self-respect. Mother was on the "daisy chain," so I want to be a Phi Beta Kappa.

How bright and ambitious are dreams! As I awakened with a thud to reality, my first thought is chemistry, my second thought is college boards. Chemistry is an entirely new bugbear. The new teacher has been told we were a very intelligent class of seniors. This may be true. I should have thought that a veracious statement, as I finally wrote an exam in English that Miss Parsons did like. But there are exceptions to this senior class. Chemistry and I don't mix. I have the defeatist attitude that the dawn will never come and one cannot pass tests in the dark. One down and three to go is the score in college tests. The first one was passed, so why won't the others be as easy? That is a delusion. The first test was facts, the others are more of an essay type. That fact means I should give up the ghost. Miss Parsons and I have mutually agreed that as scintillating as I may be in discussing a good book, I cannot write. I can use four syllable words but the knack of keeping the reader in suspense or of making well polished sentences drip from my pen I definitely lack.

But if these obstacles were overcome — my imagination runs riot. The summer of 1946 is spent in buying beautiful sweaters, very seductive black dresses and hats: hats with veils because although I have never worn a hat unless forced to, down deep in my heart a hat with a veil seems the epitome of all head gear.

In September of 1946, my brother and I leave on the Advance Commodore for New York. There for three days, we stay at the Ritz-Carlton because the family always stays there and also because I shall be able to eat all the crescent rolls I have ever desired. After seeing my brother off to Middlesex I take the two hour train ride to Poughkeepsie. I've arrived, but so bewildered and confused that I long for home and the simplicity of Maumee Valley. The only consolation is that I occasionally catch a glimpse of freshmen as mired down in strangeness as I am. The mist clears away and the time has come for a survey of the coming school work. I have a certainty that I shall never be able to blame my failures on lack of preparation in high school—didn't my college boards show that? I have an advantage, I shall always know why I failed. I have enough preparation to work with, but periodically my best laid plans go astray because I don't want to work. The various and sundry reasons for this are the let-down before and after vacation, a good novel which will not wait, or a love affair. However, my plans are that my end-of-the-summer resolutions will be applied here often.

There is the social part of my college dream. Vassar is seventy-six miles from New York. Whom shall I meet under the clock at the Biltmore? Everytime things tend to become involved, the maternal voice says, "Think of all the people you haven't met. I want you to meet your boys under the clock as I did, so think ahead."

The vista is wide and full of possibilities.

Mary Blair Buggie
Grade Twelve

Foreign Christmas

On December 23rd, 1945, I got in my plane in New York bound for Paris, then to Bern, where I was to see the governor of this capitol. I am Major Hugh North with the government branch of the War Department.

As I took my seat next to the small port on the side of the lower deck of a B-29 transport, a voice boomed through the microphone. "Strap yourselves into your seats." The huge plane jerked to a stop and sped down the runway and within five minutes we were at 1500 feet, well on our way out to sea. I removed my hat and gloves, put my briefcase beside me, and I was soon fast asleep.

After about an eight hour sleep, I was awakened by a tap on the shoulder. A young stewardess said that we were about to land in Paris and that I was to strap myself into my seat. We came to a landing in a heavy early morning fog on the 24th. I put on my trench coat, put on my gloves and hat, and waited until we stopped rolling; then I picked up my bag and briefcase and started for the door. On the field a car from the American embassy picked me up and I went to talk with Lieutenant General Johnson and stayed for about three hours. When I came out, I had a half an hour to wait until the plane left. I went into town and got something to eat. When I returned to the airport, I bought my ticket and boarded the plane, and took my seat. In a half hour we left Paris well behind. After reading what I could understand of a French paper, I fell asleep.

After about three hours of sleep I was awakened by the sound of singing from the lower deck, and, seeing that I was the only one left on this deck, I went below. I looked at my watch on the way down and saw that it was five minutes after twelve. When I got to the lower deck, I saw a large, painted, paper Christmas tree at one end of the plane. There was a group of men gathered around a table, singing a tune I should have remembered but didn't. After about five minutes of thinking it finally dawned on me it was Christmas, so I joined in their merrymaking while the plane landed.

Thomas Bentley
Grade Eight

Thoughts While Waiting

My suit case lay open on the bed, and I was listlessly sitting on the edge of one of the most uncomfortable chairs ever constructed, anticipating the arrival of my roommate. It really wouldn't matter whether she was tall or short or thin or fat, I kept telling myself. Then a little voice, whom I detested, would say, "You know it does," over and over again. My mind tried to picture all the possibilities but somehow, I knew that I hadn't found the right one.

Footsteps approached and somehow the click, click, of the high heels on the marble floor boasted of more assurance than the owner felt. My heart was pounding as I thought, "This is it, this is it." But the footsteps passed on and I wilted like lettuce out of water, sinking back into that not too comfortable chair.

I had decided beforehand that she would be dark and probably have long, wavy hair. This was because mine is short and light. I remembered reading some where that John Powers had said, "Girls with long hair have allure and sex appeal." Well, I decided allure and sex appeal weren't everything. But why had I cut my hair?

I had hopes that she would come from some far-off place. This wish was due to my "Richard Halliburton" side which comes out only at the mention of a state other than Ohio. My one hope was that she would not be the "I bury my nose in a book every spare minute I have" type. That would be too much.

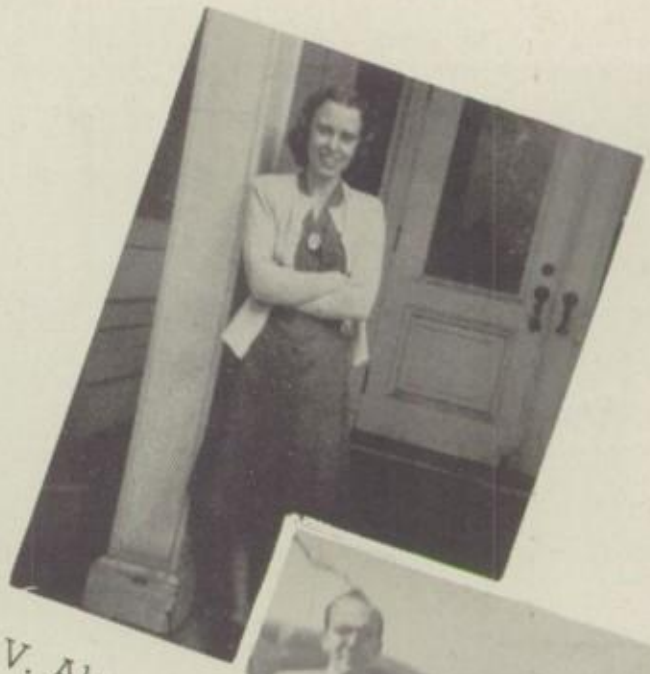
As I was sitting or rather slumping in that chair, I again heard footsteps. This must be it, I thought. I arose to my feet , an uncertain smile on my face as the door knob turned. The door stuck (I decided that would have to be repaired immediately) and then swung open. There framed in the door way stood one of the cutest girls I had ever seen.

It didn't take long to get acquainted, and, as we sat on the bed later, I casually asked her where she lived. "Oh," she replied, "a little, tiny town in Ohio." "Well," I said, "I guess I am a little old for Richard Halliburton." And she gave me a very understanding look.

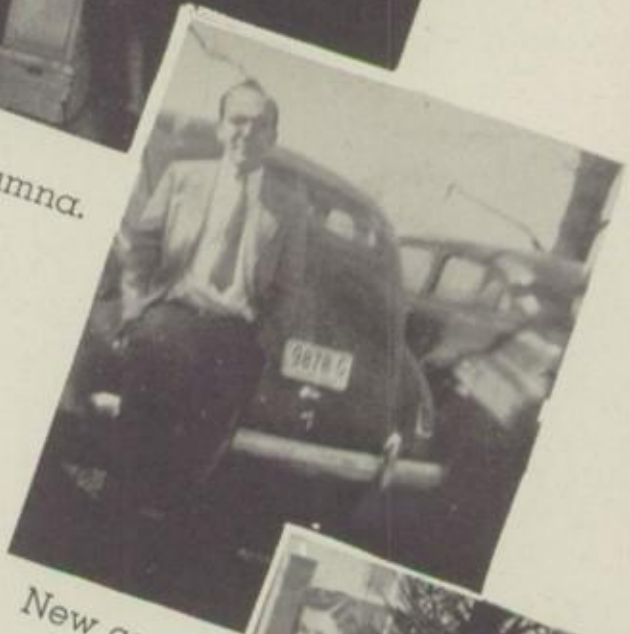
Nan Parfet
Grade Twelve

AHEM!

New dress?



M. V. Alumna.



New car!!

Teacher or pupil?

Patience personified.

Return performance.

Southern belle.

Brown and green.

I dare you!

Faculty Play

Well, any I.Q.?

Hammy or corny?

Do-re-me—.

Quick, call the asylum!

Too many green apples.

Goin' my way?

Quis?

The Stork returns.

Bus driver DELUXE.

Sand Bar.

Blow, blow thou wintry wind.

Take a bow.

Quick, the board.

Us flashy Juniors.

Congratulations, Boesch.

Ranie

It was a beautiful evening on the campus. The sun had just vanished behind the tall pines and had left a rosey glow over the water. The advanced riders hustled out of the dining room over to the stables to saddle up their horses for the moonlight ride.

Ranie looked beautiful standing in her stall as I flipped the reins over her neck. I saw her dark brown mane flowing in the wind with its background of still lighter brown. The prominent white star on her forehead with the rest of her neck silhouetted against the sky looked like a picture.

She walked proudly out of the stall with her head high. Down the trails she went first at a trot, then at a canter, over logs and streams finally to the wide fields on which stood the big haunted house high on the hill, large and ghost-like in the shadows as we cantered past it.

It was quite dark by now, and we couldn't see but a few feet ahead of us. Ranie darted fast down the trails over the hills and streams where we had never been before. I looked back but the others were not there. They must not have seen us go down the trail in the darkness. We were all alone. We went on for about an hour, but still no trace of the others. The moon had come to our aid by lifting its beaming face over the trees.

Ranie stood masterfully on the hill overlooking the fields, her nose sniffing the cool night air and her muscles standing out on her body like pipes of steel. Her fore-foot gave a leap as I turned her off down a new trail, a trail we hoped would mean home.

She was on her own now, she was free. Fast as the wind she went homeward bound. Out of the woods we came thundering over the ground across the field to the hill. High on the hill we saw the ghost-like but beautiful haunted house. We knew home was near.

As we approached the stables, we heard the whinnies of the other horses. Ranie walked into the stables much more slowly than she had walked out. Her sides were wet with sweat and her powerful muscles very tired, but she was home and that's what counted.

Carol Hampe
Grade Nine

Potato Creek Joe

During the summer of 1940 we made a motor trip to the Black Hills of South Dakota, passing through the Bad Lands. The Bad Lands are nationally known for the beauty of their chalk stone ridges. This land is barren without any vegetation; however, the Sioux Indians make their homes there, and they seem to thrive.

We spent a week in a tourist cabin in Deadwood. While we were there, we saw a rodeo, and every day before the show there was a street parade. The parade was composed of Sioux Indians dressed in colorful native costumes. The Indians were riding either horses or wagons. There were also many cowboys in the parade in addition to the U.S. Cavalry.

The most interesting person I saw in the parade was walking with his small mule. He was then about ninety years old, had long whiskers, and wore the usual Western clothing. Every movement that he made was interesting. He had a broad smile, and he loved to talk with the children. His name was as intefesting as his appearance—Potato Creek Joe. He received his name from the people living in that vicinity because in the early days of the gold rush he had set out a claim in Potato Creek Valley and became a miner looking for gold. He remained in the valley many years because, at one time, he found the largest gold nugget in the valley. Today in the library in Deadwood an exact duplicate of this nugget can be found.

While the other miners moved away from the valley when the source of gold in Potato Creek dwindled, Potato Creek Joe, hoping to find another large nugget, remained there. To us he was a happy person, always finding enough gold to make a living. He stopped to talk every time he met us on the street, relating interesting stories about his career. He told us that he never married but lived alone in his cabin and cooked for himself. Potato Creek Joe, a man no taller than his mule, was to me a real character of this country.

Barbara Lehman
Grade Seven

The Circus

All my life I had looked forward to going to the circus. Mother had told me about the side show where there were "small people" and men that ate fire, about animals who did tricks, the beautiful ladies who turned somersaults up in the air, the Wild West Show after the circus, and last but not least, the cotton candy and other goodies that were sold before and after the circus. I had dreamed of all this since I was a little girl. Some day my chance would come.

A circus was coming! For the second time in the history of Perrysburg a circus was actually going to stop right in the town. For days I went to bed early so I might go. And, jeepers, the circus brought another great event! My sister was going away, so George, her beau, decided to take me rather than go alone.

At last the magnificent night arrived. All dressed up, I proudly left the house with George. Did I feel important! It was quite a walk to the circus grounds but a tent finally came into view. I soon discovered, alas, it was the only tent. We hurried in as we were late, and I was slightly disappointed at the sight that greeted my eyes. Over on the side were a few decent seats. However, we sat with everyone else on a group of stadium seats as the others were not worth the price asked.

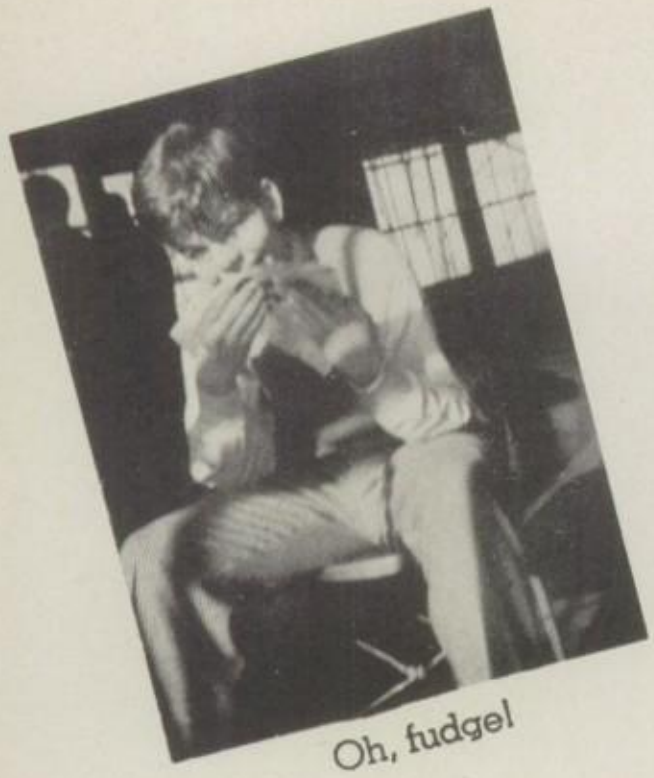
Then the circus was on! Into the one and only ring came three girls on three pretty horses. After they had gone around the ring a few times and the horses had exchanged places while the girls were standing up, I thought the fancy stunts would begin. Silly girl! That was the end of that stunt.

Next came the one and only elephant. He walked around on his hind feet a few minutes and then he was gone. After that the same girls came back and did a few tricks on a trapeze. That was the end of the circus.

George and I left before the Wild West Show and from what I heard of it I certainly am glad I missed it. The show consisted of four ponies and two dogs with two "cowboys" to give commands. As far as the side-show goes it was well known around town that local boys were hired to put on costumes with big feet, small heads, etc. The only fun of seeing the faked freaks was the realization that John, your next door neighbor, was the two-headed man coming next in line.

Now, if a circus comes to Perrysburg, I am only too glad to sit home and let other people suffer for an hour and a quarter.

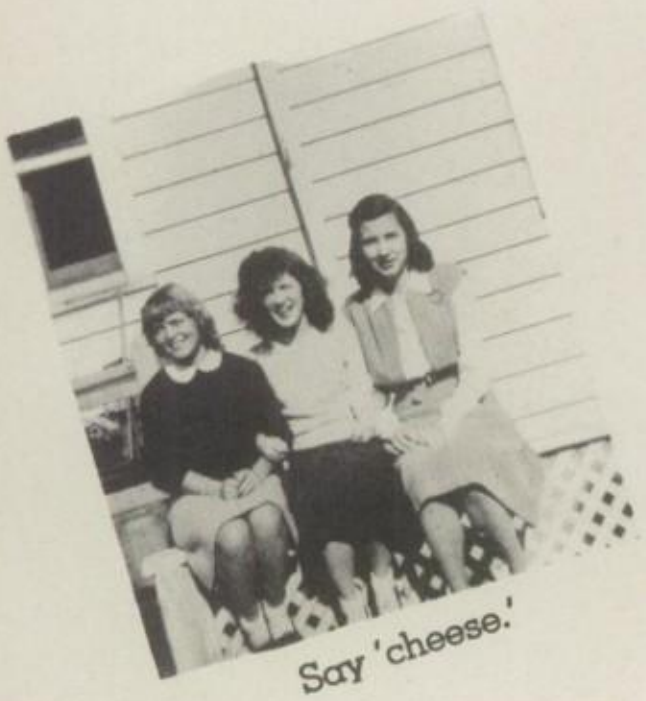
Marcia Carr
Grade Eleven



Oh, fudge!

Junior mascot.

Glamour plus.

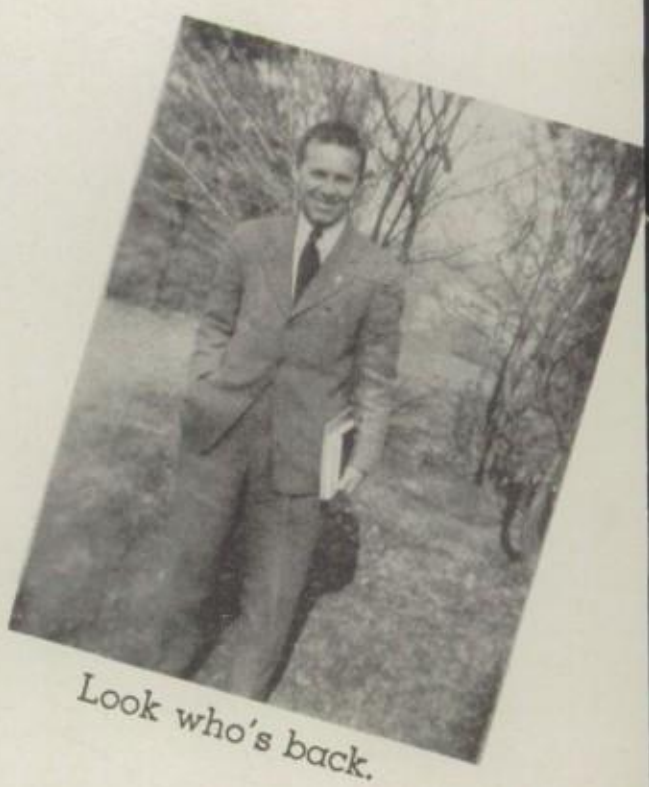


Say 'cheese.'

Welcome to M.V.

Hungry?

Pepsodent model?



Look who's back.

Weather Vane Staff

Paula Secor }
Helen Seney }
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Ann LaRue }
Carolyn Johnson }
.....Co-Literary Editors

Margaret Fraser }
.....Art Editor

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Marcia Carr }
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Our apologies to JON WHITCOMB

Key to the Senior Quizzes

.....Guess Who
1—Teta Christy
2—Nancy Boeschenstein
3—JoAnn Peck
4—Nancy Woodbury
5—Mary Blair Buggie
6—Nan Parfet
7—Harriet Levis
8—Marian Wieting
9—Margie Patterson

What's My Name
Mary Blair Buggie
Marian Wieting
Margie Patterson
Harriet Levis
Nancy Boeschenstein
Nan Parfet
Teta Christy
JoAnn Peck
Nancy Woodbury

It's a Dog's Life
Teta Christy
Mary Blair Buggie
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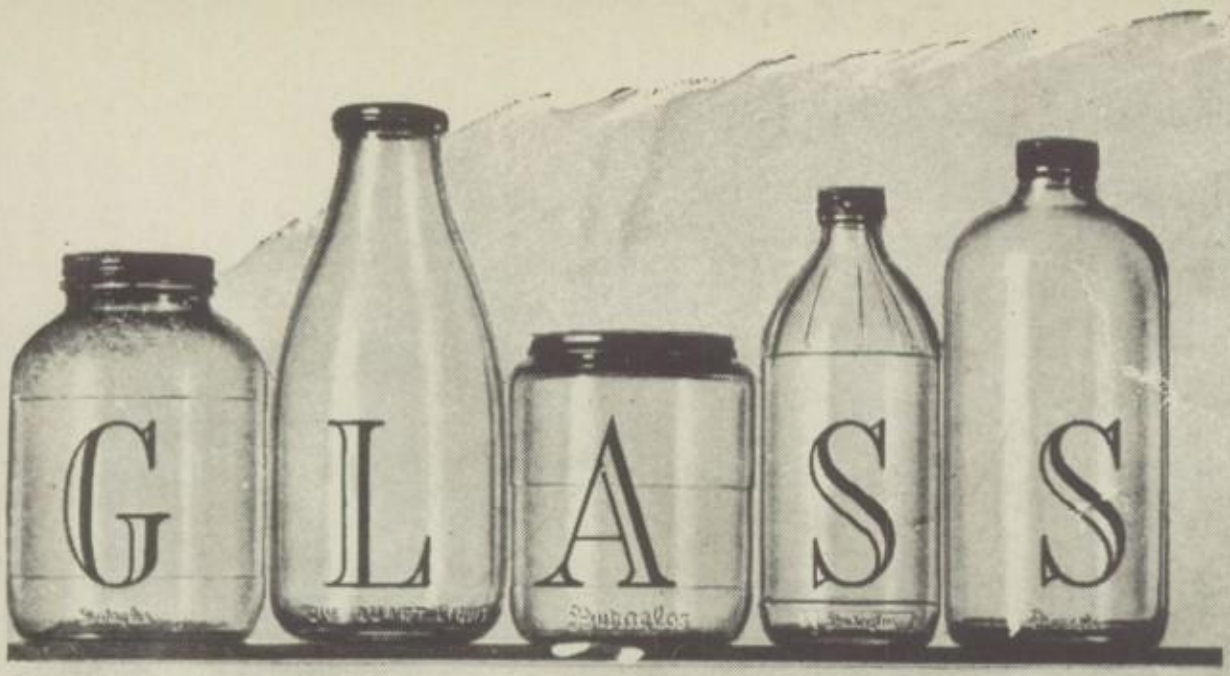

. . . One of Man's Oldest Materials Enters a New Era of Usefulness in our Everyday Living

In your cupboard and refrigerator are glass jars and bottles of food products (including mason jars you filled from your own garden!). In your bathroom are many glass packages safeguarding products you see for health and beauty. Household products—waxes, polishes, insecticides, etc.—in glass containers lend their convenience in your daily housekeeping.

Glass is an ancient material—man has used it for 5,000 years. Through the ages, in Egypt, in medieval Europe, in colonial America, glass has been treasured for the many ways it serves civilization.

Early in our own century, bottles, jars, window glass, even light bulbs, were made by hand. Manufacture was slow and costly. Many of us can remember our grandmothers carefully treasuring each glass container because of the relatively few products then packaged in glass.

In the early 1900's, miraculous changes took place in the glass industry. The machine revolutionized the making of glass as it had done in the textile and other industries. As usually is the case, the leader sponsored research and invention, and the glass industry made more progress in four decades than had been.

Machine-made glass surpassed in quality that made by the old hand methods and also speeded up production and tremendously reduced costs, which permitted bringing the benefits of glass to many products.

Nowhere is the advent of a new era in glass more clearly seen than in glass containers, which each of us uses every day.

Years of research and adoption of scientific methods at Owens-Illinois culminated in the perfection of the Duraglas technique of container manufacturing. This made it possible to reduce the weight of containers, retain adequate strength and produce them at high speeds economically.

Today you see the results of this modern method of making Duraglas containers for all kinds of products you need for everyday living. It packages the rare and costly as well as the common things. Each year new industries recognize the importance of packing their products in glass to offer greatest consumer convenience. Glass carries their products in a container which is transparent, impervious to moisture and almost every chemical.

Today's simplified glass containers have been the dictates of the American women and the government.

The government's dictates were of a broad nature, to save critical materials and substantially increase the production of the glass industry. American women desired glass containers of a shape convenient to handle, light in weight and with opening of such size as to conserve materials and still offer utility in home use. These simplified containers born of wartime necessity will continue to bring women a multitude of products favorably packaged.

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Other L-O-F products are serving in a variety of ways to make schools more efficient education centers. Vitrolite*, the colorful opaque structural glass, is practical for cafeteria wainscots and counters and for table tops in domestic science, kitchens. Kick plates of Tuf-flex* heat strengthened glass are easy to clean and protect doors. Glass adds new life and sparkle, cleanliness and beauty to make your school days "brighter days."

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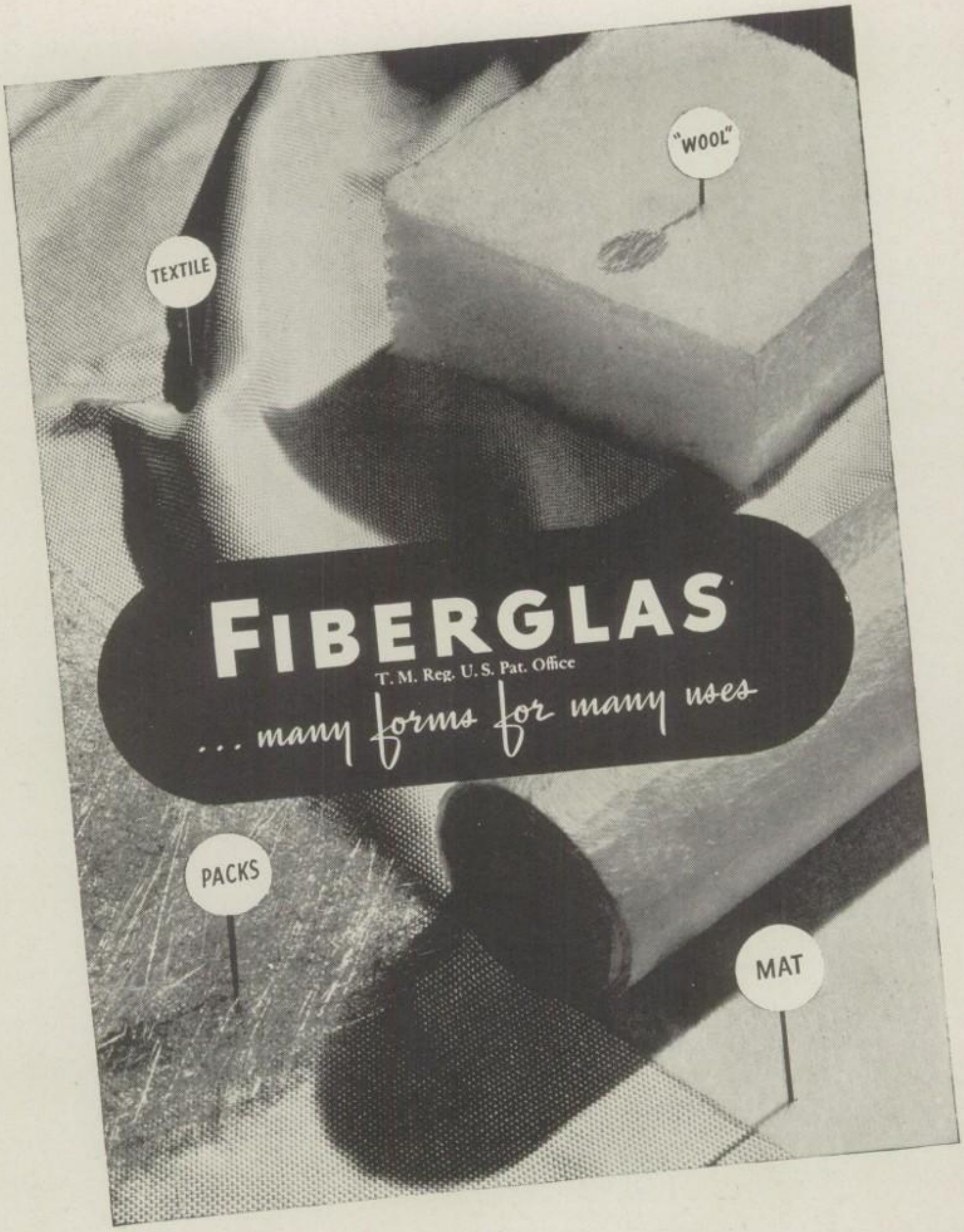

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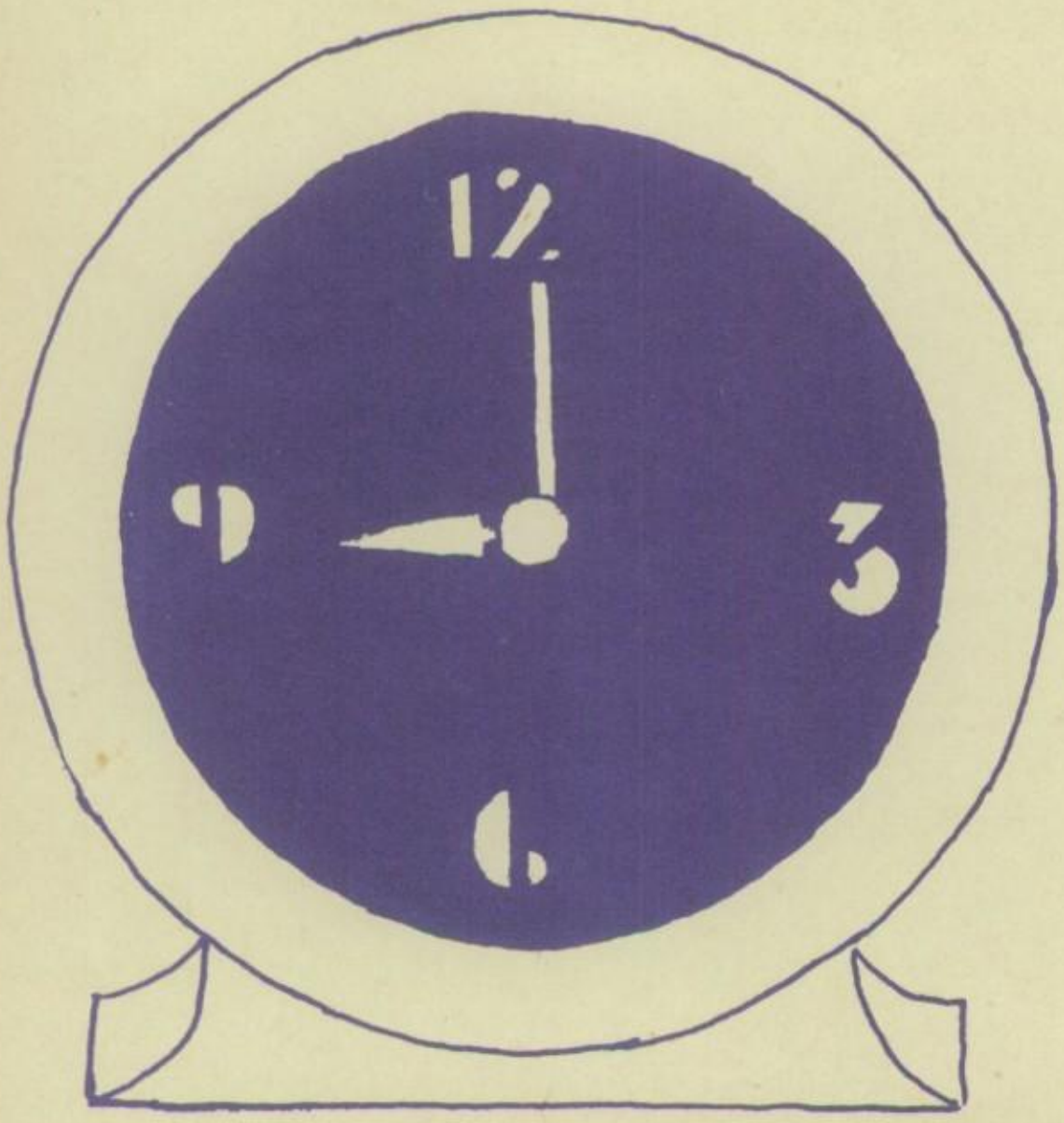

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